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THE ROBBER.

BY M. E. SPOFFORD.

My life had been broken and entered, and theft
Committed 'gainst me;
Peace and rest had been stolen. The single clew left
Was a memory.

That life was so bare of rest gone, nought but grief
By the hearth,
That I took the sweet memory, and searched for the thief
Through the earth.

I know her again by the peace and the rest
That returned unto me;
But when the lost gems were restored to my breast,
She would not go free.

For, by strongest of fetters, the thief I have bound
And imprisoned for life;
I guard in my heart with the treasures I found—
My robber, my wife.

Almost Sacrificed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

CLARA was accustomed to slights and neglect—to be placed in the background, and be treated as a child. She had despised the treatment almost too much to resent it, but now she rebelled. Her mind took in the position in a moment—the infamous wrong, the despicable scheming, the utter disregard of one verging on womanhood, though as yet utterly deprived of her rights.

Clara felt it all, and she resolved not to spare the culprits as occasion offered; but as yet she bided her time.

She paused for a few minutes, listening to the dialogue that was being carried on, though perhaps as much to collect her own thoughts and ideas as to play the listener. She heard the brief compliments, the rapid questions and answers as to the journey, etc.; she could see Alwynne's eyes wander to the door as he answered the polite and curious inquiries of his hostess; but her own name was not mentioned. At last he said, abruptly—

"Is not Clara in the house?"

"I think not," replied Mrs. Nugent, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"The child is so peculiar in her habits and fancies that I never know what may be her next freak, nor where she may happen to be at any hour of the day—or, I was going to say, night."

"She has forgotten her old playmate perhaps?" he said, with a slight contraction of the brow.

"Her absence looks sadly like it, I own. But you must call to mind that she was so entirely a child when you left she could be scarcely expected to remember you for all those years; and poor Clara is of a reserved strange temper."

"Is she like her mother?" he asked.

"Only in her feeble health and capricious morose temper.

"I have been extremely tender, and I hope judicious, with her; but she is singular and so fragile a creature that I fear I have but poorly succeeded in making her what the heiress of this domain should be."

And a glance of meaning maternal pride fell on her own handsome, blooming daughter, as she sat in the pride of her loveliness.

Alwynne's eyes followed Mrs. Nugent's admiringly for a moment, and rested on Eleanor's brilliant face, but they quickly passed to a portrait immediately above where the girl sat, and lingered there long and lovingly.

It was the portrait of Constance Nugent in her full beauty.

Clara saw his gaze, and her eyes filled at tender recollections of a happy time when that beautiful mother had cradled her in her arms, and a tall lad had purchased kisses with flowers.

A sudden fancy seized her, and, without pausing to reflect, she obeyed the girlish impulse.

She was like her mother, she knew. She resolved to take advantage of the circumstance to win a girlish victory over her deceitful relatives.

In the picture her mother was dressed in white; a cluster of scarlet geranium blossoms glowed in her hand, a small antique locket depended from her neck, and the whole figure stood forth as it were from a background of warm-hued drapery.

Clara wore white, as was her wont in the summer season.

She hastily took out the simple gold comb that supported her glossy, waving hair, shook the tresses loose on her shoulders, and, plucking a rich cluster of blossoms from the plants that surrounded her, placed them amidst the thick natural curls, in the exact position of the flowers in the portrait.

The identical locket was on her neck. The heavy crimson velvet curtains that hung on each side of the conservatory doors and that served as a protection from the cool breeze of evening or the winds of winter, formed a suitable background.

Clara stepped noiselessly forward her eyes sparkling with girlish malice at the surprise which her ruse would give to one of the persons concerned, and the annoyance it would cause to the others.

Eleanor saw her first; her smiling face suddenly clouded with a dark expression. Mrs. Nugent's quick eyes detected the change in her daughter; the next moment she too had perceived the cause, and the glance that she levelled at the girlish figure would have caused a more easily daunted spirit to shrink into absolute nothingness.

Alwynne Compton's eyes followed the lead of his companion's.

He paused abruptly in the middle of a sentence, gazed intently for a moment, smiled that wondrous smile of his, and then sprang towards Clara with his hands extended.

"Is it really little Clara, or that portrait come down from the frame?" he said, as the young girl gave him her hand, and laughed the most joyous laugh that had passed her lips for many a long year.

"Yes, it is really your little playmate, who has never forgotten you, and who would have been the very first to welcome you if she had been told that you were coming.

"I am glad—oh, so glad to see you again, Alwynne!"

The cordial greeting, the old familiar name, the affectionate and trusting look, seemed to touch and thaw the inner man, to banish the long years that had changed boy and girl to man and woman, and to recall the happy past once more. He bent his head as if to kiss the ruby lips that laughed so temptingly before him.

Then he checked himself, and looked with a comic mixture of hesitation and of daring on his features.

The expression, the gesture, were so like the Alwynne of old days that Clara forgot her eighteen years, and held up her face as frankly as of old.

"You may, Alwynne if you wish!"

He laughed the old familiar, joyous laugh and, bending his tall form, pressed a kiss on the unresisting lips.

"Clara, I am surprised—you forgot yourself!"

The stern voice of Mrs. Nugent, which conveyed to Clara, at any rate, such a world of indignant displeasure, recalled them to present surroundings. Alwynne drew the girl's hand through his arm, and led her forward into the room. The gesture was significant.

Clara felt strong in her new ally, and her reply was as careless and calm as if their positions had been reversed.

"I can't help it mamma. If you do not prepare me for such a surprise as this, you cannot expect me to behave with Eleanor's dignified elegance. As forgetting myself I wish I could."

"Had you not better run upstairs, dear, and let Marie dress your hair again? It is scarcely well to act amateur theatricals off the stage," said Eleanor, with ill-concealed bitterness.

"Thank you, dear, I am quite content. Alwynne, I know, will like my hair in this untidy state, for old times' sake, and the geranium blossoms are old favorites of his. And your toilette is so faultless that he can look at you, if he wishes for an irreproachable 'get up' to rest his eyes on."

Alwynne's eyes had glanced rapidly from face to face in this little passage of arms; and Clara fancied that he already could discern the state of the domestic politics. Mrs. Nugent sighed, and Eleanor covered her eyes with the patient sufferance of a martyr.

It was an old ruse when the orphan had been goaded on to some sharp speech, some unwonted display of temper.

Frequently the girl's heart had melted at the well-acted regrets, and she had herself suffered for the sharp irritation she had betrayed, and entreated forgiveness; but now she only shrugged her shoulders, and spoke out more freely still.

She was determined that Alwynne should understand her position ere any *ex parte* statements should prejudice him against her.

"You see, I am as wild and wilful as, Alwynne. Nay, perhaps more so, because for so many years I have had no one to care for or love me. I am just what you see—a woman treated like a child, an orphan without a true friend an heiress who can attain neither liberty, health nor happiness."

Clara had miscalculated her strength.

Her voice faltered, and she would have inevitably broken down had not dinner been then announced. Alwynne offered his arm to Mrs. Nugent who was pale with anger.

Eleanor gave her young sister a lightning like glance as she passed her without a word; and Clara followed to the dining-room, checking her tears as best she could. No allusion was make to the recent outburst, the presence of the servants acting as a welcome restraint to the whole party, only safe and abstract subjects were discussed, and Clara soon banished all signs of emotion from her face.

Still, it was an uncomfortable meal—no one was at ease.

Alwynne's keen glance wandered from one to another, and his thoughts were evidently not on the subjects on which he was conversing.

Mrs. Nugent and Eleanor were constrained, and scarcely able to control the mortified rage that crimsoned their cheeks and darted in violent fierceness from their eyes when they deemed Alwynne's attention engrossed; but Clara sat silent and subdued.

Her momentary strength had passed with the excitement.

The words she had spoken had kindled the self pity that was ever dormant in her young heart, and had she given way to it her commotion would have burst forth in inconvenient tears.

All were glad to make an unusually lovely sunset an excuse for leaving the dinner-room and wandering into the play-grounds.

"Stay here on the terrace, Clara, my love," presently said Mrs. Nugent; "it is too damp for you in the grounds.

"Eleanor, do you remain with your sister, while I show Mr. Compton some of our improvements."

"Certainly, mamma," replied Eleanor, with graceful readiness; but the instant the pair were out of hearing she turned to Clara with a bitter look and a voice that was acid in its sharpness.

"How dare you make such an exhibition of yourself, and talk in that mad way before Mr. Compton!" she demanded. "I shall advise mamma to forbid your appearing in society if you cannot conduct yourself better."

"If you say another word, Eleanor, I will follow them and tell Alwynne what he can soon test for himself—that your complexion and your hair are scarcely more genuine than the sweetness of your temper!" was the reply.

Clara could at times be as fearless as, and far more biting in her sarcasms than her step-sister.

Eleanor feared her in such moods, and she hastily rose and entered the house, as if alarmed that Clara might be induced to carry her threat into execution.

Clara smiled bitterly at her flight, and then, quickly forgeting the little scene, she became absorbed in her observation of the pair who paced slowly to and fro on the broad terraces beneath.

They were certainly not looking at the improvements, for their eyes were turned neither to the right nor to the left, and they walked with the slow, deliberate step of persons who were unconscious of all that was lying around before their eyes.

Evidently something of unusual interest was being discussed.

Clara could tell it from the expression of their faces, the subdued tone of their voices and their utter disregard of the dew and the deepening twilight.

She could hear nothing, yet she knew that they were speaking of her.

Mrs. Nugent spoke rapidly; Alwynne listened attentively, asked a question now and then, and evidently made a mental note of the replies, to judge from the thoughtful expression of his face.

Clara felt sure that they spoke of her; and like most sensitive natures, it irritated her nerves.

As she sat there in the twilight, she worked herself almost into a fever while trying to imagine why she was the subject of that long and earnest conversation. Was her step-mother slandering her to the only being for whose opinion she cared a straw; or was Alwynne striving to learn the truth as to her past life, her fragile health, her tastes, her prospects?

Clara would have disregarded her step-mother's injunctions and crossed the damp grass to interrupt the irritating conference, but that she already felt a kind of fear of offending or shocking Alwynne Compton.

He might excuse girlish outbursts of feeling or temper, but to intrude unasked and contrary to an express behest, on a private conversation would be a breach of delicacy and duty that would lower her in her esteem.

Luckily for the girl's self-command, the appearance of lights in the drawing-room and the sound of Eleanor's piano seemed to attract them.

As they approached, she heard the step-mother say—

"I would not have confided this secret to any one but yourself, for I have confidence in your judgment and your discretion. I know I can always depend on your entire secrecy."

"You may, madam, and on my best efforts to meet your wishes."

The tone was anything but warm, but Mrs. Nugent appeared fully satisfied.

Drawing near to her step-daughter, she addressed Clara in a voice that was provokingly sweet and cordial—a voice that always irritated the girl, since it was only used in public; and she hated the deceit which yet she could not expose.

"Imprudent child, why are you out so late?"

"I was out in the grounds three hours later than this last night, and you did not feel any anxiety about me. Eleanor's mood was not pleasant—I preferred the bats," was the sharp reply.

Clara hoped that Alwynne would speak, so that she might show by her change of look and manner that the irritation was only caused by her step-mother's oppression; but he said nothing.

He merely looked at her with a half-pitying gaze that she could not bear, and she entered the room hastily to escape it.

Eleanor turned, smiling and gracious, from the piano, leaving a brilliant air unfinished, and moved gracefully to the small tea-table.

Alwynne sat down near her, and engaged her in animated conversation.

They spoke of music and composers, and Alwynne showed no mean knowledge of the art, even if he were not a performer, of which Eleanor playfully accused him. No one noticed the heiress of that richly-adorned mansion, as she sat in a distant recess. Yet, though Clara was too heart-sick, too angry with them all to join in the conversation, or even appear to listen to what was said, she had a strange conviction that Alwynne knew exactly where she was, what she was doing, how she looked, and why she kept aloof.

After the tea-equipage had been removed Alwynne went to the piano and turned the leaves for Eleanor while she sang.

Clara slowly approached him, till at length she was almost close to where he stood.

The piano was under the portrait of her mother, and, as Eleanor's lovely voice fell on her ear, and melody after melody poured from her lips, Clara grew quieter, and, reclining on a couch near the instrument, fell into a reverie, with her eyes fixed on the fair sweet face opposite to her on the wall.

A sudden break in the song aroused her. It arose from the musician's pausing to turn a leaf—for Alwynne had fallen in his duty. Clara glanced at him.

He did not appear to be conscious of her presence, till she whispered—

"You have forgotten your early playmate."

He glanced over his shoulder, but Mrs. Nugent was busy with her netting, and Eleanor was carefully executing the last thrills of her song, unconscious of those behind her.

Bending down over Clara, he said, with a look as keen as it was kind—

"You think that we have been talking of you, and you fancy that the friend of old times may change,

"Banish your fear; trust him whatever betides.

"Will you?"

"I will try."

As she uttered the words Eleanor ceased, so he turned to thank the fair singer for her song.

"And now, Mr. Compton, let us see the Indian curiosities of which you spoke at dinner; it will be an amusement to look at them and hear all the stories connected with them," said Eleanor, as she rose from the piano.

Perhaps she perceived that her young step-sister was looking unusually animated and attractive at the moment, and that Alwynne's eyes were fixed upon her with unmistakable interest.

Alwynne assented.

He rang the bell, with Mrs. Nugent's permission, and ordered in a cedar chest, which was eagerly surrounded by the little group.

He smilingly gave the key to Clara, bidding her to open the chest, and dispose of its contents at pleasure.

Back flew the lid, and a delicious perfume filled the room.

What treasures were unfolded under Clara's impatient fingers!

Indian muslins, brilliant scarfs, costly shawls, coral and ivory ornaments, perfumes in dainty flasks, quaint fans, silks of wondrous fineness, and toys that ladies love to strew about their apartments, of strange and lovely workmanship and design—all were there.

"Come, Clara, as you are queen of the gifts, it is time you began to fulfil your duties," observed Alwynne, taking note of Eleanor's ill-concealed impatience.

"I believe the youngest always distribute lottery prizes," put in Mrs. Nugent with a well-feigned cordiality.

"Take what you like," said Clara. "Mrs Nugent can choose first, then Eleanor, and let the rest be distributed among our friends.

"I so seldom have anything to give away that it will be charming to offer such lovely presents.

"It was very kind of you, Alwynne, to bring them."

Clara gave him one of the smiles that rarely lighted her face, and that gave it a beauty superior even to that of her lovely mother.

Alwynne met it with a look that warmed the girl's heart.

He glanced from the eager appropriators of the costly contents of his box to the simply-attired form of the young heiress, sitting on the ground with only a little sandal-wood case in her hand.

"What will you keep for yourself?" he asked.

"I am ungrateful, I fear," she said, "to dispose of your kind gifts so lavishly.

"Here—I will have this carved box and what is in it.

"How does it open?

"There is no key."

"I have the key," said Alwynne, hesitating.

Then, taking a small key from his guard, he added, "That box was put there for safety.

"It has nothing pretty or valuable in it. It is not worth your acceptance."

"Is it yours?"

"It was till you expressed a wish for it."

"I beg your pardon—I did not know that it was not intended to go with the rest. The pretty carving struck my fancy. But I will have this charming fan instead."

She held up the box to Alwynne. He smiled kindly on her.

"You look as if you wished to know what is in that mysterious casket," he said.

"Yes, I am a true woman; I am intensely curious to know what this thing is which is neither pretty nor valuable, and yet is so carefully guarded. May I open it and take a peep?"

"Yes—only don't be frightened."

Clara received and eagerly turned the key.

A slight cry escaped her, for within coiled round in shiny coils, lay a cobra di capello, the deadliest of snakes.

"Oh, Alwynne, how terrible! Why do you keep it?

"Where did it come from? Tell me all about it."

Alwynne laughed.

"You are the same little impetuous tyrant that used to sit on my knee, and crave for stories twelve years since. Do you remember, Clara?"

"I have forgotten nothing," was the reply—"nothing that happened then."

There was a brief silence. Alwynne appeared to be studying the girl's face; and she was neither embarrassed nor annoyed at the scrutiny.

She bade him begin in the same old imperious style which she had used as an infant girl to her boy adorer.

He smiled, and after a very slight pause began.

"I will not begin with my old 'once upon a time,' Clara, but say at once that last year I was dining with some friends in Calcutta, when, as we were sitting smoking near an open window, looking into the garden, something cold glided up my sleeve. I caught a glimpse of the creature—it was a cobra.

"I had presence of mind enough to sit motionless, and quietly informed my companions what had happened, begging them not to risk my life by any disturbance, but to devise some plan of help if possible. They were much alarmed but the sole plan they could devise was to send for a snake-charmer, hoping to lure the reptile down, as there was no way of killing him without certain risk to my life."

Clara was breathless, but, as Alwynne paused she gasped out—

"Excited, of course but not terrified. I have faced death in many shapes and was not daunted even by this horrible prospect. I sat silent and motionless, thinking of my sins, my whole life, of all I loved best—of the hopes, the joys, the duties that to all appearance would speedily cease. I offered earnest prayers to Him who would spare my life, or receive my soul in death. There I was, with that venomous creature coiling higher and higher as the warmth of my arm attracted it.

"I had been ill—I was still weak and nervous; the servant was long gone; the feeling that I must not move gave me an intense desire to spring up and shake off the loathsome creature—a movement which would have been certain death.

"So I sat on, my arm feeling like ice, my heart like fire, and a growing certainty creeping over me, a horrible sensation that I could not bear it much longer.

"My friends sat watching me in breathless suspense.

"Nothing broke the silence but an occasional suppressed whisper.

"My nerves were so highly strung that the faintest sound struck on my ears with the painful force of a sudden blow. A few minutes more, I believe, would have been fatal to me.

"My head began to swim, my thoughts were wandering, and I was fast losing the mastery over myself

"Suddenly something white glided into the room.

"I dared not turn my head to look; but, guessing that it was the serpent-charmer, I turned my eyes slowly in the direction of the figure.

"It was no Indian, but a girl, young and of my own country, who stood pausing for a moment, with a cup in one hand and a tulwar in the other."

"What is a tulwar?" asked Eleanor, who dropped her occupation to listen.

"A weapon like a small English sabre," replied Alwynne.

"Was the girl pretty?" asked the young lady again.

"No, she was beautiful—faultlessly beautiful."

"Never mind that; go on Alwynne," exclaimed Clara, breathlessly.

"Well, this lovely girl stood for an instant gazing at me with a reassuring smile that steadied my nerves at once.

"Without a word, and with noiseless step, she glided forward and, passing as near as she dared to me, poured, in a gradual dripping stream, a cup of milk on the window-ledge.

"The instant I saw the action, I remembered to have heard that snakes are passionately fond of milk, and I wondered why I had not thought of the expedient sooner.

"I sat motionless, watching the fair brave girl—she stood there with her weapon lifted, ready for the proper moment when the reptile should appear. Soon I felt it moving.

"A strange thrilling sensation came over me as the creature uncoiled itself slowly and wound down my arm attracted by the milk.

"The instant its hooded head appeared reaching forward to the tempting liquid, the girl's weapon fell with unerring aim, and the creature dropped dead at her feet. I am not ashamed to say that a deadly faintness seized me when the danger was over, and when I opened my eyes I was lying on a couch, with the beautiful, brave girl who had saved my life bending over me, and applying stimulants to my nostrils and brow.

"Of course I soon shook off the weakness and found words to thank my fair and heroic preserver as she deserved."

"And who was she?" asked Eleanor.

"She was the daughter of my host and the sister of my dearest friend, whom I may some day present to you. They are in England now."

"And you keep this as a souvenir of Miss ——

"What is her name?"

"Miss Fairfax.

"Yes, I kept it as a relic, never to be parted with."

"And of course left your heart in exchange for your life?" said Eleanor, with affected archness.

"Oh, that had been given long since," he replied, with a curious smile.

Clara did not speak; she only heard the foolish, stereotyped raillories that followed from Eleanor.

"I beg pardon," put in Mrs. Nugent—"really we have heard so little of you of late that I may venture to inquire whether there is a Mrs. Compton?"

"Not yet."

Alwynne spoke with a decided brevity that stopped all further inquiries.

His two questioners looked baffled, as if scarcely knowing what course to take, or what to do or say next; and Clara was conscious of a sense of disappointment—of a feeling that she had lost some newly-found possession that was dear to her. Yet she scarcely comprehended why she should care—why she should be grieved when Alwynne had returned and was near to her.

She looked up at him with an instinctive appealing glance.

He was studying her speaking face, and her eyes instantly fell.

Then, with a woman's tact, she broke the awkward pause, and veiled her own feelings by saying——

"I do not wonder you keep that fearful thing and value it.

"I should like to see that brave girl. Have you a picture of her?"

"Of course—what a silly question, Clara!" put in Eleanor.

"I have a sketch of the scene in my portfolio," said Alwynne, disregarding the last remark, "which you can have if you like. But now, as you have given away so recklessly all that I placed at your disposal, I must discover a little gift for you that must go into no other hands.

"Press that brass ornament in the corner of the chest, and accept what lies in the secret drawer."

Clara did so.

There was a large flat case, which, when opened, was found to contain a set of Indian pearls of unusual size and great beauty.

They appeared in value almost priceless.

Clara stood speechless with surprise and pleasure, and Alwynne quickly placed the glittering ornaments on her neck and arms, and in her ears.

"Your dear mother loved pearls, Clara, and bade me bring her a set when I came back.

"I got these for her many years since, and have preserved them for you. They would have been hers had she lived; so you must wear them for both our sakes. Let them be the only jewels you wear on your wedding-day—that is all I ask."

Clara glanced at her step-mother and sister.

"Her wedding day!"

Such an occasion had never been permitted to be named or thought of by her; the grave, rather than the bridal-wreath, had ever been ominously hinted at in her hearing.

The faces of Mrs. Nugent and her daughter were dark with ill-suppressed scorn and rage.

However, strong in her new ally, Clara quietly surveyed herself in the mirror, half astonished at the great beauty of the jewels and then, quickly divesting herself of them she replaced them in their velvet cases and thanked Alwynne with a look rather than words.

Soon afterwards they separated for the night.

As Alwynne took Clara's hand in his, he held it for a moment, with the same intent, inquiring look he had once before that evening directed on her face.

"What is it?" she asked, nervously.

"Nothing—I shall talk with you more to-morrow."

The words had been uttered in so low a tone, while Eleanor was putting away her music, and Mrs. Nugent busy in mixing some brandy and water for her guest ere he retired to bed, that they were unheard; and Clara gladly escaped before Eleanor was quite ready to leave the room with her, lest a sisterly lecture should enliven their progress up the staircase to their rooms.

It was a relief to be alone—a relief to indulge the delicious reflections that the evening's strange events had called forth.

Alwynne was in England; Alwynne had thought of her in the long years of absence; Alwynne had known and loved her mother—he would not see her child tyrannized over with impunity.

Her trials were over now.

She had a friend, a protector, and the enemies of her peace would at length be silenced and shamed.

She never dreamed that Alwynne had no power—that he could but remonstrate—that he could not alter the position in which her father's wish had placed her step-mother.

She had woman's faith in the strong, the good, and the true, and, though she knew it not, woman's faith in him she loved with a woman's intensity, though a girl's fresh heart.

It was a delicious hour that Clara spent in her chamber.

She did not attempt to undress—she was too excited for that—she only took off the white dress, let down the loosely bound hair, and put on a wrapper, while she gave herself up to her happy reflections.

She scarcely knew how long she had thus sat; but the grating of her chamber lock roused her, and a light flashing on the darkened room revealed the form of her stately step-mother.

"Not in bed yet Clara! Just like you—always doing what is wrong and improper! I wish to say a few words to you, for you are not always to be seen in the morning, with your vagaries of sleeping till mid-day or being up at sunrise, just as the humor takes you.

"But it is no wonder—no wonder!" and Mrs. Nugent gave a mysterious glance of pity as she laid down her lamp and seated herself by the side of her step-daughter.

The girl stood before her with white cheeks and eyes that glittered with proud defiance.

"Sit down, Clara. I cannot talk while you look as if you were going to spring from the window."

Clara seated herself in silence.

"I have had much trouble with you, Clara, from the hour when your father unluckily left you in my charge, but I confess I never expected to have to reprove his daughter for such improper behavior as I have witnessed with pain to-night. And, lest I should have to notice it yet more severely, or take measures that would be painful to me, I will just tell you at once that all which you evidently choose to fancy from Mr. Compton's kind notice of you, as a child whom he likes to please for your parent's sake, is an empty vanity on your part which must lead to the bitterest mortification.

"Mr Compton is privately engaged to the young lady of whom he spoke to-night; he entrusted the fact to me in the strictest confidence, as he has strong reasons for not making it known at present."

Clara was pale, but her eyes gazed distrustingly on her step-mother.

"It is odd that he should tell a stranger and not wish his playmate to know of his engagement. Pardon me if I am rather dubious of your having understood him aright madam."

Clara always called Mrs. Nugent 'madam' when irritated.

"Poor love-sick girls are always slow to believe such facts, but this one is true nevertheless.

"And Mr. Compton more than hinted his reason for communicating the secret to me.

"He feared I might fancy that his attachment to Eleanor and to your silly little self had a meaning.

"He wishes of course to behave with kindness and attention without being misunderstood.

"He told me that he should take his own time to tell you all; and I am really breaking my promise when I repeat his words to you.

"But I cannot let your father's child behave in so unmaidenly a manner, and sink by such faults and without trying to save her from the contempt of others."

"I shall ask Alwynne," gasped Clara. "It is false. He never could so foolishly misjudge me—he knows why I am glad to see him."

"He knows too well, I suspect; I saw him looking at you more than once with a pitying expression.

"Of course he saw your folly, and, as to your asking him, he can only suppose you have one motive.

"Jealous girls only ask such questions—none else.

"Do not let him put you down as forward Clara."

"Eleanor asked him," said the girl, trying to assume her usual defiance. "Is she in the list of jealous girls, madam?"

"Eleanor asked in pure jest, before us all and on the spur of the moment. That is a very different thing from making a serious inquiry.

"And Eleanor's words were simply playful raillery that could not be misunderstood.

"I wish you resembled her in her perfect propriety of demeanor, Clara."

"I should be extremely sorry to resemble her," was the bitter reply—"to resemble her in any one respect, madam. I should despise myself if such qualities as Eleanor's were even latent in my heart."

Mrs. Nugent then lifted up her hands and eyes.

Then, with an assumption of patience, she continued——

"Clara, I must at least demand one concession from you, without which I shall not permit the unrestrained intercourse with Mr. Compton which you might perhaps be inclined to expect under the circumstances. I must demand that you shall maintain as strict a demeanor and reserve as may be

possible to your flighty nature; further, you must give me your solemn promise that you will not allude to the circumstances that I have confided to you. It is on these conditions, and these alone, that I can permit you to continue the unreserved friendship that appears to have grown up with your early years."

Clara remained silent and thoughtful for some minutes.

There were many considerations that weighed with her ere she gave her decision. Girl though she was, she yet had sufficient discernment to suspect her step-mother in this matter.

There was too much earnestness in the lady's manner to vouch for her disinterestedness.

Again, she knew that Mrs. Nugent was capable of any subterfuge, of any unscrupulousness to effect her purpose; and, if she resisted her present commands, it would be impossible to estimate the extent of her deception or wrongful assumption of power. The natural instinct of the girl's heart guided her also in some measure.

She felt that there was a shadow of probability and a shadow of truth in what was said.

Why should not Alwynne love the fair, heroic girl, whose every action in the preservation of his life showed the highest qualities of woman's devotion? If she questioned him as to his inmost secret, would it not appear as if she could not wait for his voluntary confidences?

It was enough.

She took her resolve.

"I will promise not to speak to Alwynne on the subject that you have confided to me," she said, calmly.

"As to my conduct, I claim the right to behave as I please to the adopted brother of my childhood and the dear friend and ward of my parents."

And the girl turned haughtily away, though the tears glistened in her eyes and nearly rained down the fair cheeks.

Mrs. Nugent saw that she had gone far enough.

"I suppose I must leave you to yourself," she said, with a sharpness of tone that belied the sigh that accompanied the words; "but I warn you that, if you wish to preserve Mr. Compton's friendship or good opinion, or win for yourself future respect in life, you must assume a very different deportment.

"I'm absolutely disgusted at what I have hitherto seen in you."

And Mrs. Nugent, taking up her candle, swept out of the room; and Clara shivered as if a cutting east wind had swept over her. With a sickening chill she nestled into her bed, with the hopelessness of one who cares not whether her couch be her last resting-place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

So Goes the World.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

NETTA!" sang a shrill voice after me, as I ran down the lane.

I am Antoinette—Antoinette Langley—and they call me Tina, Toinette, Ante, anything containing any of the syllables, in order to abbreviate the tiresome appellation.

Indeed, I considered myself called too often.

On the present occasion, I knew I should be called back if I did not run.

I ran, and was recalled notwithstanding; I returned to the house more deliberately than I left it.

"The most essential thing I have forgotten," said Aunt Tilda—the thing forgotten was always most essential to her.

"It does not matter how many offers you get on the way, you are not to ride.

"You will spill the milk and your dress will be spoiled."

"I promise," I returned gravely, holding the pail almost at arm's length.

"I will not ride unless Tom Armstrong or Susy Winters' beau overtake me.

"I could not refuse Tom, you know, aunty, because I like him; nor the very sage Mr. Everard, because I do not like Susy.

"Besides, I have met him on occasions, and he—well, he interests me."

"As for Mr. Everard, he would never think of asking you.

"Susy is much handsomer——"

"Than anything you please, Aunt Tilda, if you except your lovely niece."

"Ride with Tom Armstrong, if you think best, Toinette Langley," said my aunt, suddenly leaving Susy: and she continued, her hand directed towards me in the form of an index.

"He had better not bring his pink-and-white face around here any more, or I'll send you into the kitchen; and receive his simpers myself.

"Pah! I can't abide a pretty man."

"When I return, I will tell you which of the two I honored," I said, turning from her with a low bow.

Tom, whom my aunt calls a good-for-naught, is the squire's son, and has always been my *preux chevalier*.

I have buttered him and sugared him, as the mood seized me, and snubbed him unmercifully at times—he was so tiresome.

But Aunt Tilda had fallen into the way of fretting about him.

For this reason, and because he often assured me that Susy Winters' beauty could bear no comparison to mine, I had favored him of late.

Mr. Everard is a new arrival.

He had just built a cottage—an artistic, unpretentious structure—hired a housekeeper, and settled down among us.

His house just fits into the nook where it was built, and seems to be a part of nature.

The birds think it belongs to them too, and hover around it in an ecstasy.

Aunt Tilda it was who told me this, and she added that she did not at all wonder, for the other houses in Walton were an offence to architecture, and the birds knew it.

But I do not see but there are feathered songsters enough in our elms, and I doubt if aunt Tilda would exchange her homestead that has served the Langleys for four generations for the "new-fangled concern," as Deacon Seward calls it, that Mr. Everard inhabits.

This Mr. Everard is an author—a man who writes articles on social science or some other incomprehensible subject, for the magazines.

We hardly expected that he would associate with us common mortals, but he had twice attended our "societies," each time bringing Susy Winters, whose father is his friend.

And Susy, since this distinction, had assumed high airs, thereby exciting our resentment.

I had not proceeded ten rods on my way, before John Seward, the deacon's son, drove up and asked me to ride.

"I should be glad to, Mr. Seward," said I, "but aunt Tilda just called me back to say that on no account was I to ride, lest I spilled the contents of this pail, which is to be delivered to old Mrs. Turner."

"We might look out for that, Miss Tina?" he said.

"Oh, yes, I am not at all afraid of spilling it," I replied.

"I only fear it might offend aunty, who is inclined to think well of you now."

The young man drove on, and I was exultant, for had not my aunt for once been caught in her own trap?

Of all the young men in Walton, bating Mr. Everard, John Seward was the one she would have most approved of my riding with, and I had not the least objection to his escort, on occasions, myself.

I only felt that I did not like dictation in my choice.

Soon after John Seward disappeared, I heard another team behind me, sure-footed, and striking in exact concert.

I knew before he slackened his pace to pass me that it was Mr. Everard.

I lifted my face shyly (it was shaded by a pink sun-bonnet) to make sure it was he, when, touching his hat, he said—

"But for your manner, Miss Langley, I should not have been able to make you out. I do not think you could change that with your dress.

"Will you ride?"

"I am going to Mrs. Turner's," I replied, "and aunty said I must walk all the way."

"Well," said he, smiling, "it is a long walk, but I must not urge you."

"I do not need urging," I said, holding up my hand to be helped in.

"I am too wise to walk that distance when I can ride as well."

"Why did she wish you to walk?" he inquired, when I was seated.

"Ostensibly on account of the milk," I said, touching the covered pail—"as though I would spill it—but really lest I might ride with Tom Armstrong.

"She dislikes him, and thinks he is omnipresent when I am out."

"Upon what is her aversion based?"

"His beauty.

"The same platform of my regard."

Mr. Everard laughed, and leaned forward to peer under my sun-bonnet.

I was quite serene.

"That is rather a shaky foundation, is it not, Miss Langley?

"It seems to me a man should have something better to recommend him to a true woman's regard."

"Oh, well," I replied, "Mr. Armstrong is clever.

"Not in the English sense of the term, perhaps; but I don't think he would harm a fly.

"Aunt Tilda calls him innocent, because she thinks he lacks energy."

"Perhaps you are strong-minded," said Mr. Everard, "and that accounts for your preference, as such people are strongly attracted by their opposites, it is said."

He was evidently making sport of both Tom and me, so I only answered with a toss of my head, for the time oblivious of my covered pail, and on alighting soon after at Mrs. Turner's door, Mr. Everard exclaimed—

"What a sight for gods and men!"

The milk had spilled a portion in my lap, and streamlets trickled down from his side.

I was filled with dismay, but he seemed master of the position, and looked down with a quiet laugh.

"You are distressed," he said.

"Ah, Miss Toinette, forgive me!

"I fear that I have not looked out as gallantly for your milk as Tom Armstrong might have done; and then your aunt Tilda might take a dislike to me, and I had intended to make her a propitiatory offering, and try to induce her to let her niece take a long ride with me.

"It would give me pleasure to take you next week to the Falls."

"To the Falls!" I repeated, looking up with slow delight.

I had not seen them since I was a child.

They were but fifteen miles away; but aunty would never leave me "flaunoff," as she called it, that distance with a parcel of giddy-heads; so I had never been included in the distant excursions of the young folks.

"Yes," he replied to my exclamation.

"Will you go?"

"I could not think of refusing," I answered; "and for aunt Tilda, her heart must be adamant to spoil such a treat."

"Well, we will go then, and it will make me almost as glad as it will you, for it is long since I have seen a frank look of pleasure like that which beams from your face."

Upon entering the house, I deposited my pail in Mrs. Turner's pantry, finding that there had not so very much of the milk escaped.

And with the anticipated pleasure promised me I felt less like a martyr than usual, in trying to make myself useful to the old lady, who was not of a very genial nature, but disposed to be fault-finding even with those who were trying to benefit her.

I walked home, and on entering exclaimed that I was nearly exhausted.

"Then you should have ridden with John Seward," remarked my consistent aunt.

"Why, aunty, you know you forbade me riding."

"And you know, Miss Antoinette, that I would have been perfectly willing for you to ride with John."

"But there was the milk, aunt Tilda, and besides I wanted to keep my word."

"You rode with Tom," said my aunt, looking a little wrathful.

"I rode with Mr. Everard," I confessed, and she made no comment.

A few days after this, I sat at the door, picking over currants, when Mr. Everard made his appearance.

He was armed with a bouquet and a basket of luscious-looking strawberries.

The former was for me, the latter for aunt Tilda.

She was pleased.

And when an emotion of pleasure moves her she is just lovely and nothing else.

I was half in fear that Mr. Everard would forget to invite me to the promised ride and engage my aunt instead.

But no, he asked for the pleasure of taking us both.

Mr. Winters' family was to be of our party, he said.

Aunty graciously consented.

Well, we had our ride, which was delightful, and during the season there was a series of societies, as usual, and a picnic or so—the only means of dissipation presented to the rural mind in a community eminently staid and church-going.

Occasionally I went with Tom, sometimes with Everard—Susy Winters coming in likewise for her share of attention from the latter gentleman.

At last, in its season, came a grand nutting party.

Tom was my attendant.

I had used a little manœuvring—strategy, I dignified it—to receive his invitation in good time, so that I might say I was engaged when Mr. Everard came later with a request—which I thought he would—as a just punishment, you see, for his having taken Susy to the last society, when I considered it my turn to receive that attention.

It was October.

The trees were half aflame, and the leaves had whirled into variegated heaps that served us for seats when we grew weary.

Mr. Everard took Susy, and was more attentive to her than circumstances called for, I thought; and I got terribly bored with Tom's interminable nonsense, and slipped away into the woods.

I rather enjoyed, in prospective, Tom's bewilderment when he discovered my absence.

I wandered down to a little stream, and along its border, until I reached a slight bluff crowned with late flowers.

They were really beyond my reach, I thought; but the unattainable lured me, and I determined to try for them.

So I commenced climbing, and had almost reached the summit of my desires, when I slipped, and was caught by bushes, and struggled, until I arrived ingloriously at the base.

My hair was dishevelled—it was my own—my dress torn, my arms bleeding.

I sat with tears in my eyes, in confusion and distress, my sleeves pushed back, when who should appear on the scene but the formidable Mr. Everard!

"Tina Langley, by all that is lovely!" he exclaimed; and his next movement was to kneel at my feet, like an old-time knight.

"Now have I my bird of the wilderness at an advantage.

"Torn and bleeding, her plumes ruffled, no aunt Tilda in the way, no Tom Armstrong."

And then for the next half hour that author of social science improved the time, saying the most foolish things, in the most unscientific way, until Tom blundered along.

He was not too obtuse to comprehend the situation, and on our way home he declared that I had ruined his prospects, and that he should die of a broken heart.

I kindly promised to use my influence with Mr. Everard to have a suitable epitaph placed upon his tomb, and he called me a heartless charmer, and left me at last, protesting that his earthly career was well-nigh ended.

I did really feel uneasy respecting him; but when I had given my aunt a correct account of the day's doings—and I observed that my disclosures respecting Mr. Everard afforded her great satisfaction—she carried her chin high in the air, as I expressed my fears and said—

"We will see what we shall see."

Well, we are to be married soon, Mr. Everard and I, and Tom Armstrong has broken his heart after the manner of men, by engaging himself to Susy Winters, who, three months ago, thought Tina Langley must be greatly in need of an escort to go with that Tom Armstrong.

"And so goes the world," says my reflective Mr. Everard.

Bric-a-Brac.

ELEPHANTS.—Elephants are very sensitive to insult, and appear frequently to be more annoyed at anything derogatory to their dignity than actual pain. In a well-known work on natural history, styled "The Menagerie," it is stated that as an elephant was passing through the streets of London a man seized it by the tail, an indignity that offended it that it grasped him with its trunk, and placing him against some iron railings kept him prisoner until persuaded by the keeper to let him go. Captain Shipp has recorded in his "Memoirs" that an elephant drenched him with dirty water for having put cayenne pepper on its bread-and-butter.

A HAIR ALBUM.—The latest craze among the ladies is a "hair album"—gentleman's hair. Young men are besought for a lock of hair, and the request is such a flattering one that they are only too happy to comply when the right damsels apply. The contribution is tied with a blue ribbon and goes into the "hair album" along with the hair of a crowd of other fellows. Over it will be written the name, age, color of eyes, date of receiving the memento, and general remarks as to the personal appearance, etc., which may or may not be complimentary, as the album is never to be seen by any other than feminine eyes. The young ladies are as proud of their trophies as an Indian warrior is of the scalps he takes.

WEDDING PIN-LORE.—Among the superstitions about pins is that the bride in removing her bridal robes and chaplet at the completion of the marriage ceremony must take especial care to throw away every pin worn on this eventful day. Evil fortune, it is affirmed, will sooner or later inevitably overtake the bride who keeps even one pin used in the marriage toilet. Woe also to the bridesmaids if they retain any of them, as their chances of marriage will thereby be materially lessened, and anyhow, they must give up all hope of being married before the following Whitsuntide. On the other hand, in some parts, a bride on her return home from church is often robbed of all the pins about her dress by her single friends present, from the belief that whoever possesses one of them will be married in the course of a year.

ROSSINI'S LAZINESS.—Rossini was writing one morning in bed, when the duet on which he was engaged fell from his hands. "Nothing easier," an ordinary composer would say, "than to pick it up again."—"Nothing easier," said Rossini, "than to write a new one in its place." Rossini would not get out of bed for a mere duet. He set to work and composed another, which did not resemble the original one in the least. A friend called. "I have just dropped a duet," said Rossini, "I wish you would get it for me. You will find it somewhere under the bed." The friend felt for the duet with his cane, fished it out, and handed it to the composer. "Now, which do you like best?" asked Rossini; "I have written two." He sang the air of both. The friend thought the character of the first was most in keeping with the dramatic situation. Rossini was of the same opinion, and decided to turn the second duet into a trio. He finished his trio, got up, dressed, sent the two pieces to the theatrical copyist, and went out to breakfast.

WRITING MATERIALS.—The materials for writing have varied in different ages and nations. Among the Egyptians slices of limestone, leather, linen and papyrus—especially the last—were universally employed. The Greeks used bronze and stone for public monuments, wax for memorandums, and papyrus for the ordinary transaction of life. The Kings of Pergamus adopted parchment, and the other nations of the ancient world chiefly depended on the paper of Egypt. But the Assyrians and Babylonians employed for their public documents, their historical annals, and even for their title deeds and bills of exchange, tablets, cylinders, and hexagonal prisms of terra cotta. Some of these cylinders, still extant, contain valuable records of ancient history. To this indestructible material, and the happy idea of employing it in this way, the present age is indebted for a detailed history of the Assyrian monarchy; while the decades of Livy, the plays of Leander and the laws of Anacreon, confided to a more perishable material, have either wholly or partially disappeared among the wreck of empires.

THE FAMOUS TREE OF BUDDHA.—A few steps brought us to the chief temple. Before it stood, surrounded by a railing, the tree concerning which the Abbe Huc tells us the leaves bear the natural impress of Buddha's likeness and of the Tibetthan alphabet. We sought in vain for such phenomena. Neither image nor letters, but a waggish smile playing around the mouth of the elderly priest escorting us. In answer to our inquiries, he informed us that, a long time ago, the tree really produced leaves with Buddha's image, but that at present the miracle was of rare occurance. A few God-favored men alone were privileged to discover such leaves. The last so favored was a pious Mandarin, who visited the monastery seven or eight years ago. Next day Count Szechenyi succeeded in finding a leaf on which a rude likeness of Buddha had been etched, probably with some acid. The lamas allow no one to pluck the leaves or blossoms from the tree, and the leaves that fall are carefully collected and sold to the pilgrims as a specific against affections of the larnyx. The tree I believe to be the white lilac, which in all probably reached Europe originally from China.

IN THE DAYS GONE BY.

BY I. D. E.

When our work was done, and the setting sun
  Was low in the western sky;
In the village green youths and maids were seen,
  Hand in hand in the days gone by.
And the old folks there, with their silvered hair,
  Would say to each other, perchance
"Each maiden and youth dances well, in truth,
  But not as we used to dance!"

And many a lad on the green, who had
  No thought of the cares of life,
Never dreamt at all, at that rural ball,
  That he danced with his future wife.
And many a maid on the village glade,
  Who captured a heart with a glance,
Lived, through griefs and joys, to see girls and boys,
  Dance—not as she used to dance!

I remember well, as the twilight fell,
  I stood by a maiden fair,
And her smile to-night is as sweet and bright
  As that which she used to wear.
When the setting sun saw the games begun
  On the village green's expanse,
Ann we danced, we two, as we children do,
  But not as we used to dance!

And a day will dawn as the years roll on,
  When they and their children, too,
Will watch the play at close of day,
  As I and my wife now do.
They will say with pride to those at their side,
  "These reels, as our year advance,
Are very well done, but assuredly none
  Now dance as we used to dance!"

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MADAME DU MOTTAY was startled the next morning by hearing from her maid that Miss Masserene was complaining of a violent headache and was unable to get up.

"Good Heaven, Ninon," she cried, rushing into the girl's bed-room in her lace-trimmed dressing-gown, "don't tell me that you are going to be ill and spoil the ball!"

"What is the matter? Have you taken cold? You must see Doctor Wyse—at once!"

Ninon tried to smile at her with her stiff pale lips.

"I am only tired," she said. "If you will just let me lie here and rest for to-day Florry, I shall be better to-morrow.

But when the next day came the girl was no better, and still begged for more time. She looked indeed thoroughly worn out. Madame Du Mottay was in despair, and conjured the Doctor by all that was solemn to cure her cousin by the twenty-fifth of the month, when it was quite impossible that they could do without her.

"There is nothing the matter with her really, is there?" the little body urged vexedly.

"I am sure if she would come down-stairs, it would be more amusing for her. Do tell her so, Doctor."

But Ninon turned imploring eyes to the kind old Doctor, who shook his head.

"She must have quiet," he said, "for a few days. She has been doing too much, and has tired herself out."

"And then he went on to talk about her nerves," added Florry, to her brother, when Brian had asked after Ninon's progress. "As if Ninon had any nerves!

"Why, she can dance like a dervish all night and come down next morning looking as fresh as a lily and putting all the rest of us to shame!"

"I suppose the doctor knows best," Mr. Beaufoy said gravely; and indeed it did not seem surprising to him that the girl should be suffering.

But Ninon herself was hardly conscious of any pain.

She was glad to be sufficiently ill to have an excuse of lying quietly in her room by herself.

Her head was too confused to allow her to think. She said, with a sigh of relief, "It is not my fault. I can do nothing since I cannot stand up. I can't be expected to do anything."

And the knowledge of Quentin's absence, even for a time, was like the cessation of a cruel pain.

For the present at least, she had nothing to fear from him. The haunting fear of an open rupture between the two brothers became less importunate.

He had written to her to say that, as she had driven him away from his brother's house, it was she alone who could bring him back to it.

"I will come back in time for the ball," he said, "if you will promise for that one night to waltz only with me. If I do not get a line in answer to this, I shall consider that silence gives consent."

And the letter she had written with so much pains, explaining how impossible it would be for her to grant his request, was the letter which she had burned before Brian's eyes.

He had forbidden her to write again.

How could she tell him what it had contained? How could she expect him to feel any sympathy with pretty devices for saying a painful thing as little cruelly as possible?

In spite of her conviction that nothing could be expected of her just then, that she was too confused and weak to think, the girl lay for hours, going over poor Quentin's heart-broken little scrawl in her thoughts, and her own answer to it, and saying to herself that it was cruel, to have left it unanswered, to have left him to believe what was not true.

"You are looking better, much better!" declared Madame Du Mottay that afternoon, when she came in to take another look at her cousin before going down-stairs in her pretty pink tea-gown.

"You have got such a bright color and your eyes are shining like the splendidest big sapphires! I am sure you are quite better now!"

"Yes, I am better," Ninon said. It was too great an effort to dispute the point with her volatile cousin.

"Don't you think you might dress and come down-stairs for an hour?" urged Florry. "Every one is asking for you."

Ninon was lying with her hands clasped under her head, and her great bright eyes staring blankly before her.

She shook her head faintly, and let the large lids fall over her eyes.

"No," she said,—"to-morrow. It is so good to lie here and rest, and to think about nothing."

Madame Du Mottay then shrugged her shoulders.

"Every one to his taste," she cried. "It would drive me crazy. Would you like a French novel? Shall Justine come and sit with you? May the Fairfax girls come in and see you for a few minutes. It will brighten you up."

Ninon only shook her head.

"Well," said Florry disconsolately, "here are some letters that have come for you. I will run in and take another peep at you before dinner."

"Letters!" Ninon said nervously, as she raised herself on her elbows to take them. "From whom I wonder? Ah!" She gave a little cry. "At last! This is from Tiff;" and she began to cover it with feverish and passionate kisses.

"My own pretty Ninon," it said, "this is the third time I have written. I mean to go on writing until I hear from you, though as I can send you no address, that is rather a forlorn hope.

"I am not allowed to go out alone, and the garden is surrounded by a high wall; but when it is dark I open my window and get out, and throw my letters over the wall, tied to a stone.

"Perhaps some day some one will pick up one and post it for me. I hope so. You are not to fret about me, dear, but of course I should be happier with you than here. If you ever get this, the post-mark will show you that I am in Paris—and that is all that I know myself. The house belongs to a cousin of my mother. She is a widow, and has a daughter older than I am. Poor Martha is not quite in her right senses, and I have to watch her all day and take her out into the garden.

"She is quite harmless, and I am very sorry for her.

"Cousin Jane—that is what she told me to call her—Martha's mother, you know—is not unkind to me. I should not mind at all if I could see you sometimes. I——" There was a break in the writing here, and a few words added in evident haste.

"My candle went out last night before I could finish. It was a piece I stole.

"I am writing this on my lap in the parlor while Martha is looking another way. I send you a thousand kisses. Oh, I hope—I hope you will get this letter from your own little "TIFF."

When Madame Du Mottay came in again, she found Ninon getting up and trying to dress herself.

She sank down on the side of her bed, laughing at her own weakness, as Madame Du Mottay entered the room.

"Would any one believe that I could be so feeble," she said, "after only two days in bed?"

And then, as she tried to twist up her long hair and it fell out of her shaking fingers, she began to cry.

Madame Du Mottay was puzzled, and not a little alarmed. She did not recognise Ninon in this girl with the fever-bright eyes and the cheeks that a few hours illness had sufficed to render hollow and wan.

"You must not try to get up," she said nervously. "Go back to bed like a good girl, and wait until Doctor Wyse comes; we will hear what he has to say about your sickness."

But Ninon persisted in trying to dress herself.

"I have rested for two days," she said. "I was very happy there in my bed. But I can't stay there any longer; I have Tiffany to think about."

Poor little Florry looked more and more alarmed.

She began to believe that Ninon must be wandering. What was she to do if the girl was going to be seriously ill? She knew nothing about sickness. She had never nursed anybody in all her life. Perhaps it would be better if she went home to Laurel Lodge.

"Ninon," she said, keeping at a little distance and saturating her handkerchief with toilet-vinegar from the dressing-table, "is there anything we can do for you? Is there any one you would like to see? Perhaps Mrs.——"

Ninon checked her sobs, and made an effort to control herself.

"Yes!" she said suddenly. "I should like to see Mr. Beaufoy."

"Brian," cried Florry, beginning rapidly to calculate how soon she could pack up and leave the house, and whether it would be better to put off the people at once who had been invited to the ball.

"Yes—if he would come up-stairs after dinner for a few moments. I might see him in your boudoir.

"Don't look so frightened, Florry!"

She smiled through her tears.

"I am not raving, though I admit it looks like it, when I appeal to Brian for assistance. It is only that I—I have something to consult him about."

Madame Du Mottay looked decidedly relieved.

"I will send him at once," she said. "Of course he won't mind coming. There—tie that jonquil ribbon into Miss Masserene's hair, Justine, and help her into my boudoir. Really, Ninon, I don't think that you wear enough yellow. It is quite one of your colors."

She flitted away, smiling once more in her airy way, and quite restored to tranquillity. The ball need not be put off, it was evident.

Mr. Beaufoy found Ninon sitting quietly by the fire in his sister's boudoir.

She was wrapped in a fine cloak, and had the jonquil ribbon tied in her black unbound bonnet.

The hours of pain and of mental disturbance she had gone through had left their mark to an extent that shocked the young man.

Her eyes looked unnaturally large and frightened.

She flushed as he entered, and started at the sound of the closing door. Her voice had a weak and plaintive ring as she begged him, forcing a smile, to forgive her for sending for him.

Brian held her burning hand in his for a few seconds, and then asked her gently how she was.

"Oh, I am better than I ought to be!" she said, coloring painfully, though she tried to speak carelessly.

"Do you think that a girl can do what I have done, and feel it no more than if she were made of stone?"

He did not answer; but he had let her hand go, and now went and leaned in his favorite attitude against the velvet-covered mantel-piece, with his eyes fixed on her agitated face.

"You thought that at least I could," he said, with a bitter laugh. "But you do not know me as well as you think you do, Mr. Beaufoy.

"I can understand that a woman might die of shame. But these are the happy ones; and you know I have never had any luck."

"I thought you knew that I disapproved of exaggeration," he answered coldly. "I am far from excusing your conduct, either toward me or"—she winced—"towards Quentin; but I don't see that big words or theatrical phrases will mend it."

"Need you scold me to day?" she pleaded, her eyes filling with tears.

"How can I help my way of talking? I talk as I feel, just as you do. It is not my fault if I was not born cold and reserved like you!"

"I did not mean to scold you," the young man answered less coldly, "only to remind you that you are now speaking somewhat wildly."

"No, I was not. I understood exactly what my words meant. And I repeat them. Do you think, that I could humble myself as I did, that I could kneel down before you and let you put your foot upon my neck, and go on dancing and laughing as if nothing had happened?

"I tell you I shall feel the disgrace of it as long as I live—after I am dead! Oh"—with an impatient laugh and gesture—"you need not tell me that people don't feel anything after they are dead!

"How do you know?

"You are as ignorant on that subject as I am; and I tell you again that I shall remember the lie I told about you, and how you looked at me while I confessed it, long after you have forgotten that such a person as Miss Masserene ever lived!"

Brian held his peace.

"Why don't you ask me," the girl went on, "if it was to tell you all this that I sent for you?"

"I am anxious not to excite you further," he answered—"or I admit that that is exactly what I should like to know."

"Well, it was not to tell you that I sent for you," she said. "That would be waste of time indeed!

"You have consented not to expose my falsehood for the present; but I am aware that you do not consider yourself called upon to sympathise with my mortification, or to identify yourself indeed in the slightest degree with a woman so little worthy of esteem."

Again he was silent.

Ninon lifted her great eyes in a kind of despair to his dark face.

"I did not mean to talk about myself at all," she said. "But there is something that forces me to begin whenever we meet. I wish I could help it; but I cannot. I like to call myself hard names, and I mean them when I say them.

"I know women are to be pitied. They are always saying what they should not—what they have made up their minds not to say."

"I think you have something to consult me about?" suggested Mr. Beaufoy, as she paused, tears trembling on her black lashes.

"You and I can never agree, you know, on one subject, so don't you think it will be wiser to cease discussing it?"

She looked at him again. Then she said abruptly—

"It was about Tiffany. I had forgotten her and everything else. I was so happy, lying by myself up here and thinking of nothing. But now I have had a letter from her, so I was obliged to get up and think about her again. I can never be thoroughly and comfortably heartless—selfish as I am, Mr. Beaufoy, you see.

"If I had a wish granted me by a fairy, it would be to be like the princess in Gilbert's opera who had no memory.

"She used to tie one knot in her handkerchief to remind her of something, and one more knot to remind her that she had something to remember. I should like to be that princess, and the very first thing that I would forget would be to buy my handkerchiefs!"

"Tiffany?" suggested Mr. Beaufoy calmly. "Has Mr. Gilbert's princess any hidden connection with Tiffany?"

Ninon flushed.

"Of course," she answered. "But you cannot see it. Men are so matter-of-fact. Do you think I like to ask another favor of you, after all the cruel things you said to me the other evening in the library, after all you have said to me to night? It hurts my pride cruelly, but, you see, I am so helpless—so utterly helpless in your hands."

"It is nearly dinner-time," suggested Mr. Beaufoy calmly.

"Yes, I know. It is very good of you to have waited so long. Oh, Mr. Beaufoy"—the girl clasped her hands and stood up, trembling and weak—"forgive all my cross speeches! Bear with me—for indeed I am ill though I don't know what is the matter with me.

"You do like Tiffany a little, though you don't care for me. You will help her, won't you? I tried to dress myself and to go and see my step-mother; but you can see for yourself that I am not able."

"Of course you must not dream of such a thing," said her cousin.

"See—here is her letter! It is horrible to think of her being shut up there by herself. My stepmother promised she should come back. For what else did I tell the lie?" Ninon was very weak and feverish still; she began to cry. "And I have waited so many days, and still she does not come. I want Tiffany. I shall never get well if you do not bring her back to me. And you promised—you said you would help me!"

"Yes, I know I did," said Brian, a good deal moved by the girl's tears and by the pathetic and helpless ring in her voice—he took her gently by both hands and put her back into her chair—"and I will do my best to keep my word, distasteful as the errand is on which you ask me to keep my ward."

"It is for Tiffany," Ninon pleaded humbly.

"Yes, it is for Tiffany. But I shall have to appeal to Mrs. Masserene in the character of your affianced husband. The situation is horrible—ludicrous!"

"Ah," Ninon said covering her face with her hands, "you are very hard on me!"

"I don' mean to be," he said, in a curious abrupt way, after a little pause. "Come, Ninon, look up and let us be friends; we will put off our quarrels until you are quite strong again. I promise you to do my best to bring Tiffany back."

She took her hands away from her tear-stained face and looked up at him with a tremulous smile.

"Will you?" she said. If you do that, we must put off our quarrels for good. I shall never be angry with you again, no matter what you say!"

"That remains to be proved," he replied, laughing as he went away, carrying with him, half reluctantly, the picture of the girl in her white cloak, with her pretty wan cheeks and glittering eyes, and the jonquil ribbon in her black hair.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"I THINK everybody is going crazy, said Madame Du Mottay next morning when she came into Ninon's room. "As if it were not enough for Quentin to have deserted us, nothing will do but Brian must also be seized with a sudden fancy for traveling!"

"Mr. Beaufoy has left the Priory?" asked Ninon breathlessly.

"He started this morning at eight o'clock. He told me to tell you he intends to run across to Paris, and while there he will fulfil the commission you gave him last night."

"He said that?" Ninon's face began to glow with a happy flush.

"Those were his very words," declared Madame Du Mottay forlornly.

"And really, Ninon, I begin to suspect that you had something to do with Quentin's sudden disappearance as well! I wish you would choose a more fortunate time for practising your witcheries on my unhappy brother.

"What am I to do with all these people while they are away? You positively must get up and come down stairs; that is the only apology I will accept from you."

"Yes, I will come down-stairs, and take them all off your hands," Ninon returned, breaking into a happy little laugh.

Oh, surely Brian could not be so very angry with her, after all, since he had himself gone to bring back Tiffany, leaving his houseful of guests to do her that great kindness!

"I shall get well now, she thought. "Oh, it is good of him!"

It was true that, in a few days at the outside, Quentin would be back again—she would be well, and obliged to sustain his contempt—there would be the dread ever present of a quarrel on her account between the brothers; but there was time enough later to remember all that.

At present she could only think of the joy of Tiffany's return, of Brian's kindness, of her security from discovery at her step-mother's hands.

The girl revived in this burst of temporary sunshine as one of the flowers might have done outside in the garden.

Her step-mother, arriving to pay her a visit, found her smiling and charmingly dressed, and preparing to go down-stairs to afternoon tea.

"You are a lucky girl, if ever there

was one in this world!" Mrs. Masserene declared, as they sat together in the perfumed solitude of Florry's boudoir.

Madame Du Mottay, dreading the lady's appearance in her drawing-room, had sent tea up-stairs, with an affectionate message to Ninon warning her not to fatigue herself by too much talking, as she hoped to see her down-stairs for dinner.

"I must say they take good care of you even in Mr. Beaufoy's absence," declared her step-mother again, much gratified by every fresh proof of Ninon's importance in the household.

"And no wonder. He is over head and ears in love with you!"

Ninon's cheeks began to burn with a painful blush.

She tried to turn the conversation, to talk about Tiffany.

"Oh, it's all right about Tiffany!" cried Mrs. Masserene impatiently. "I gave Mr. Beaufoy my word. He has offered to pay her schooling for two or three years. He is going to call on Mrs. Strong, and arrange all about it."

"He said so?" Ninon cried joyfully.

"Yes, yes; that's all settled.

"He would go to the moon for you. Any one can see that with half an eye!

"You can get anything you like out of him."

"But Tiff?" urged Ninon, her heart turning sick within her.

"He will bring her home first?

"He will not leave her at Barnes before I have seen her?"

"Not he.

"He said a lot about the child being better away from all her old habits and influences.

"He looks to me like a man full of crotchets.

"And I dare say he is a bit jealous, if the truth were known, Ninon.

"You must not make too much of Tiff before him.

"You know men like to be first with their sweethearts."

Ninon felt as if her punishment was more than she could bear, as she sat, with downcast eyes and burning face, and listened to her step-mother's complacent remarks.

She understood well enough why Brian wished to remove Tiff as soon as possible. And she felt that he was right.

What sort of example had she set the poor little thing since she had come home from school?

Would not her sister be better and happier away from her than with her?

All the transient joy of the morning had ebbed away, had changed to bitterness and heaviness of heart, when at last Mrs. Masserene took her leave, after a prolonged inspection of Ninon's luxuriously-furnished bed-room and a further display of the vulgar exultation which the girl found so galling and so insupportable.

"What will become of me when I am obliged to tell her the truth?" she thought wretchedly.

"Will she kill me, I wonder, or what? Dick must soon be home now.

"It is so long since I have had a letter; but Tiff will send me news of him from his mother and Mary.

"Oh, I did not think I could ever be glad to think of his return!

"But now it seems to me to be out of this long suspense and pain is the best thing I have to live for.

"What will anything matter after that? I shall know the worst, and perhaps I shall be so unhappy that it will kill me. Oh, surely, surely it cannot be harder to die than it is to live—to have done with giving pain, with making people suffer—to have done with self-contempt and nameless longings and wasted regrets!

"If that is death, I should not be afraid to die; and I am horribly afraid to go on living as I am living now."

* * * * * * *

The address which Mrs. Masserene had given Mr. Beaufoy was an old street in the Batignolles quarter of Paris.

He had no difficulty in finding the house, which stood in its own garden, surrounded, as Tiffany had told Ninon, by a high wall, and approached by a wooden door that gave no glimpse of what lay beyond.

He was surprised to find the house so large.

It quite stood out from the buildings that surrounded it by the imposing extent of its grounds and the faded splendor of its appearance.

Mr. Beaufoy was admitted, after some delay at the green gate, by an elderly French servant, who admitted that Madame Burdock was at home, but demanded to know monsieur's business, as she was uncertain whether he could be received.

Brian delivered up the note with which he had been armed by Mrs. Masserene, and was then requested to follow the woman into the house.

The *salon*, a large and shabby room, was without fire, and struck chill to the young man's very bones, early as it still was in the year.

The woman opened the green shutters and let in light.

Monsieur was cold?

The house was somewhat damp.

If monsieur would give himself the trouble to sit down, she would inform madame, and see that the fire was lit without delay.

As soon as he was left alone, Brian walked to the window and looked out.

There was a mournful fountain choked with dead leaves in the middle of the garden, which was bordered with lime trees. In one corner he saw a mouldy rustic summer-house—doubtless the *bosquet* of which Tiffany had spoken in her letter.

A few depressed cocks and hens were stalking about the weedy flower-beds where a few asters were struggling into bloom.

The whole place was dismal in the highest degree.

A thought crossed him of what the mother could be who had sent her young daughter to such a dreary prison, and how hard it was to expect much from the girl who had grown up under her influence, submitting perforce to her yoke, but rebelling in secret, and gladly seizing upon every opportunity of escaping from it.

He sighed.

The girl's face came back to him as he had seen it last, with its pathetic delicacy of love, its great fever-bright eyes, and wistful expression of helplessness and appeal.

"I have often been hard upon her," he thought.

"It is not easy indeed to be just and calm and well-regulated where Ninon Masserene is concerned.

"She is a disturbing influence in a man's house, poor child!

"And I am not sure that it is altogether her fault, though it will not do to tell her so.

"She has men enough to pay her compliments.

"Let her have one who is honest enough to tell her when she is in the wrong. She is ready enough to accuse herself, as she told me the other day, but she does not like people to take her at her word."

Some one had come into the room and was building a fire in the rusty grate.

It was evidently not an easy task.

The damp wood appeared slow to kindle, for he heard the scraping of half a dozen matches, and then, as this resulted only in filling the room with a thin and acrid smoke, a sigh of dismay from the unsuccessful operator.

He shrugged his shoulders as he stood looking out at the dismal garden.

What would Ninon say if she could see the house in which her little Tiff was kept a prisoner?

He made up his mind that he would never tell her.

It would only be paining her to no purpose, and he would take care that the child never returned to it, when once he got her safely away.

"Monsieur would not have such a thing in his pocket as a match?" said the fire-lighter, in a voice that made him wheel round suddenly and face her in the dusky room.

"I have used six—I dare not ask for any more, and I can't get the fire to light."

"Tiffany!" cried Brian, looking in dismay at the poor little Cinderella in her shabby frock.

The girl put back her hair with her little blackened hands, and scrambled up from her knees, staring at him with wide-open eyes.

"Mr. Beaufoy!" she said incredulously. "Oh, how did you come here?

"Did Ninon send you?

"How is she?

"Oh, if I had known that it was you——" And then, hiding her face in her apron, the poor little thing burst into a fit of crying and left the fire to its fate.

Brian stooped down and very kindly put his arms about her, with a few soothing words.

Not at all did he seem the same cold and grave Mr. Beaufoy whom Ninon dreaded so much.

"My poor little girl, don't cry!" he said. "I have come to take you away

"You shall not stay here an hour longer."

Tiffany shook her head, which was still enveloped in her apron.

"I can't go!" she said between her sobs, letting her little rough head repose quite comfortably upon the young man's elegant shoulder.

"My mother would not let me stay if I went back.

"You are very kind; but I can't go."

"But I come from your mother, Tiff," explained Brian, stroking the little auburn head, and gently trying to pull the apron from her eyes.

"Look up and listen.

"It is quite true.

"I have brought a note from your mother to Mrs. Burdock.

"You are to come away with me.

"I am going to take you back to England."

She looked up with her tear-stained eyes.

"Really and truly?" she asked breathlessly.

And he nodded, smiling at the eager and grimy little face which had suffered considerable damage from the obstinate logs of wood.

"Really and truly!" he repeated.

"So the sooner you get your bonnet on the better.

"And it might be as well to wash your face, Tiff.

"You look like a little Zulu!"

But for all answer she began to dance around the room like a mad thing, clapping her hands and shouting for joy.

"Oh," she said, pausing presently for want of breath, "how did it all come about? Do you mean to say that you have come over to Paris on purpose to take me home?"

"On purpose, I assure you, Tiff, to take you home."

She began to dance again, making all the hideous bric-a-brac on the *etageres* jingle in company with her.

"I know why—I know why!" she said, in a kind of tune.

"You came for Ninon!

"You came for Ninon—for Ninon—for Ninon!"

"Yes, I certainly did," Brian assented, smiling at the fantastic little shape and its flying hair and fluttering apron.

"You have guessed quite right.

"It was Ninon who sent me as soon as she got your letter.

"You can imagine how eager she will be to see us back again."

Tiffany stopped dancing and came and knelt down at his side, putting her elbows on his knees, and looking up quite unembarrassed into his friendly face.

"You are very fond of Ninon, aren't you?" she said sagely, nodding her ruddy head.

Mr. Beaufoy's dark face changed a little, in spite of him.

"She is my cousin, you know," he said.

"I am very glad to be able to oblige her."

"Oh, but that is not all, I am sure!" cried Tiff impatiently.

"I mean fonder than that—very fond! Do you know"—she lowered her pretty shrill voice—"I always used to make up a story in my mind about Ninon and you? She is so pretty, and you are so kind and so handsome and so rich!

"I used to think you would fall in love with one another and be married, and live happy ever after.

"And so you will, won't you?

"You need not mind telling me.

"I know all Ninon's secrets, and I never tell."

Mr. Beaufoy stood up suddenly and put the little thing aside.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Tiff," he said, with an effort at lightness.

"But your pretty story will not come true.

"Ninon does not care for me at all.

"I think"—he hesitated for a moment—"I think she—she cares for some one else."

Tiffany's face fell; but, before she could answer, Mrs. Burdock came into the room, with many apologies to the gentleman for having kept him waiting.

She had evidently been making a toilette—her face still shone from the soap and water she had hastily applied.

She scolded Tiffany in an undertone for her dishevelled appearance, and sent her out of the room.

"Go back to Martha," she said sharply, "until I send for you."

And, as soon as she was left alone with Mr. Beaufoy, Mrs. Burdock began to explain that she had been at a serious expense on Tiffany's account.

Her cousin had given her to understand that the girl was to stay with her for good. She added that she took in a few inmates who were of unsound mind, having had some experience with her own daughter, and that Hannah Masserene had sent Tiffany to be trained under her care.

Brian shuddered.

Mrs. Burdock would have continued to pour forth her grievances about Tiffany, who was, she declared, the idlest and most incorrigible of girls of her age; but Mr. Beaufoy cut her short by declaring that Mrs. Masserene had empowered him to defray any expenses which the temporary charge of her daughter might have caused her to incur, and by asserting that he was prepared at once to write Mrs. Burdock a check for any reasonable amount.

This agreeable business accomplished, he explained that he was anxious to set off without loss of time for his hotel, and requested that Tiffany might be informed that he was ready.

"Perhaps you would like to take a turn in the garden, sir, while she is packing her box?" suggested Mrs. Burdock; and Brian, taking out his cigarette-case, followed her with alacrity to an inner room, where a glass door opened on to a flight of wooden steps and led to another part of the garden.

The sun was shining feebly in this quarter, and on a bench under the ivied wall sat Tiffany, playing on her beloved tin whistle with her whole soul, while poor Martha, her charge, nodded her heavy head and seemed to derive some pleasure from the brisk and cheerful sound.

Tiff jumped up as she saw Mr. Beaufoy, and put her whistle into her pocket.

"Am I to go?" she asked breathlessly; and then she began to dance again, much to Martha's uncouth amusement.

"I shall be sorry to leave poor Martha," the girl said, pausing in her mad romps to kiss the poor creatures soulless face. "But of course I could not stay away from Ninon—could I, dear?" she asked her; and the idiot girl shook her head and seemed to understand.

"You did not tell Ninon that there were other mad people in the house?" Mr. Beaufoy said, when at last they were free, and, having made their adieux to Mrs. Burdock and to poor Martha, whom they had made happy with some pieces of silver, they were driving rapidly back to Brian's hotel.

"No; what was the use of telling her?" the girl answered.

"It would only have made her unhappy, and she could not have helped me."

"Do you think so much more always of Ninon's unhappiness than of your own?" asked the young man, smiling at her little earnest face.

"Oh, I have always been used to being unhappy!" she answered simply.

"Except for Ninon and her love, I never expect to be anything else.

"And unhappiness is not such a very hard thing to bear, after all, if you have a whistle or something of that sort to amuse you, and if the sun shines now and then, there is always something to be glad about."

"Well, what would you like to be glad about to-night?" asked Brian in a good-natured tone.

"It is always easy to find something in Paris."

"Oh, to-night is a splendid night!" she cried.

"I shall go to sleep knowing that I shall not wake up in that dreadful house again, and hear Mere Galupeau crying for her son who was killed in the war.

"I shall know that I am going to see Ninon.

"Oh, I want nothing more than that to-night!"

"But you will not object, I suppose, to a little dinner with me—you shall order as many sweets as you please—and to paying a visit to Boissier or Sirandois to buy some chocolate?

"And I thought perhaps, as you are so fond of music, that we might have a box at the Opera Comique—there is always something pretty going on there."

Tiffany began to clap her hands.

"Oh," she said, "how very good you are! How I wish Ninon were here too!

"I wonder"—she turned and looked wistfully at the young man's dark and handsome face—"how she can help liking you, when she sees you every day and lives in your house!

"She must know how kind you are."

Brian broke into a laugh; but he sighed too.

"Ninon thinks me an awful tyrant," he said.

"I am glad you are not altogether of that opinion, Tiff.

"I think I am cross only to the people who deserve it."

"But not to Ninon?" cried Tiffany.

"Ah, you must ask her to tell you that!"

"I am sure," the little thing said stoutly, "she does not deserve it."

"Then you see it is I who am, as she thinks, a tyrant, Tiff.

"And perhaps I am.

"But you won't be afraid of me?"

"No," she said confidently.

"I like you very much indeed."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. BEAUFOY'S programme was carried out to the letter on the day of Tiffany's release from the house at Batignolles.

They spent the afternoon in looking at the shops and in buying bon-bons, Brian walking unabashed, and indeed unconscious, by the side of his shabby little companion, and entering Siraudin's with her, at an hour when the Rue de la Paix was most crowded, regardless of the amused glances that followed them, without as much as suspecting what an oddly-assorted couple they looked in the brilliant sunshine of the Parisian afternoon.

Poor little Tiff had grown so used to her shabbiness that it seemed at last to have become a part of herself; it troubled her as little as it did Mr. Beaufoy; and she trotted along at his side, chattering as gaily and looking up into the young man's dark face as freely as if she had known him all her life.

She thought that, after Ninon, she had never known anybody so delightful as Mr. Beaufoy.

She wondered why Ninon always spoke so coldly about him—her own cousin—and why he should be "cross" to her sweet beautiful sister when he was so kind to a little insignificant bit of a thing like her.

But it happened that, just as this idea occured to her, Brian stopped, on their way cross the square to the Hotel Bristol, and asked her whether she would not like to let Ninon know where she was and what she was doing.

"Yes," the little thing answered eagerly, "I will write a long letter when I go in, Mr. Beaufoy."

"But Ninon is thinking of you very anxiously all this time," urged the young man kindly.

"Suppose you were to telegraph to her instead of writing, Tiffany?"

"Oh, could I?" she asked coloring with joy.

"Oh, how good you are to me! How can Ninon say that you are cross?"

"Come then," said Mr. Beaufoy, smiling at her again.

When they reached the office, he gave Tiff a chair and provided her with writing-materials, after which he walked away to give her time to compose her message.

Tiff did not find it easy.

She had an idea that such compositions should be written in a jerky and disjointed fashion, and she did not know how to begin.

Brian, watching her in some amusement, saw that he had better go to her assistance.

"What is the matter, Tiff?" he asked; and she looked up relieved.

"I don't know what to say," she admitted with simplicity, feeling greatly encouraged by the fact that the young man did not laugh.

"Would you know what to say if you were writing a letter to her?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, yes, of course! But——"

"Write her a letter, Tiffany," Mr. Beaufoy added.

"Say just what you like, and I will see to the rest."

Upon which Tiff began to scribble delightedly while Brian waited with praiseworthy patience.

And this was the telegraphic message which Miss Masserene received that afternoon in the library at the Priory, just as Mr. Beaufoy's guests were coming in for tea——

"Darling Ninon,—I am so happy I don't know what to do. Mr. Beaufoy came for me to-day. I did not know who it was, and neither did cousin Jane; and so I was sent into the salon to light the fire. Oh, I did not mean to tell you that! But it does not matter now, for he says I shall never, never go back, and that he will take care of me always. And he is so kind, you can't think! I have got so many boxes of choco-

late that we could not carry them home; of course some of them are for you—as many as you like; and I am going to the Opera Comique with him to-night. I wish you were here to go too; but I shall soon see you again, my own sweet pretty sister, and you will have to be very fond of Brian, for he is very, very good, though you do think him cross and tyrant. He told me that; and it is quite wrong, for, if he is kind to me what must he be to you, you naughty beautiful Ninon? But I am afraid I ought not to scold you by telegraph; so now I will say good-bye until we meet.—With fond love from your own happy little

"TIFF."

When this was safely despatched, Mr. Beaufoy took his little companion to the hotel for dinner.

Tiff burst out laughing when she was shown into her luxurious bed-room and left to take off her things.

"Do they want me to sweep it or, what?" she asked herself in French.

"I am sure I can have no other business in such a room as this.

"Really Cinderella——"

She caught sight of her own shabby little frizzy-haired figure in the long glass, and put up a reproachful finger.

"What are you doing here? Make haste back to the kitchen, quick!"

The odd little merry face laughed back at her out of the great gold frame.

"If poor Martha could only see me now!" thought Tiff with a sigh; and putting her hand into her pocket, she pulled out her beloved whistle, and looked at it with longing eyes.

"I wish I dared!" she said, half aloud. "But perhaps Brian would not like it. It is not a very fashionable instrument. I will wait till I get home."

And, heroically thrusting it out of sight, she proceeded to make herself as presentable as circumstances would permit for dinner.

It was a dinner in Paradise, the child thought—the pleasant private-room, the innumerable good things and her most good-natured companion, who heaped her plate with souffles and creams and crystallized fruit until she was fain to cry 'Hold, enough!"

And then, when it was time to set off for the Opera Comique Tiff found that Mr. Beaufoy had ordered a lovely nosegay of roses for her, and that he had bought her some light gloves and a fan—a large pale-blue satin fan, with a flight of swallows crossing the delicate background; so that, seeing all these pretty things she did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She ended by doing both, and by trying to speak some hysterical words of thanks which Brian interrupted very gently.

"You are my little girl now, Tiff," he said.

"I promised Ninon to take care of you, and you are not to say another word, or we shall be late."

With which he bundled her into the little victoria that was waiting at the door of the hotel; and they drove across the Place Vendome, and along the Rue de la Paix, with its glittering stores of diamonds, and so out on to the crowded boulevards, where the lamps were twinkling with a kind of twilight radiance, and the sky, beyond the dark trunks of the trees, was still yellow with the pretty hues of the sunset.

If people had smiled at Mr. Beaufoy and his charge that afternoon, what did they not do as Tiff appeared at his side in the vestibule of the Opera Comique, in her shabby frock and hat and well-worn boots, but wearing long mousquetaire gloves, and carrying her big fan and her bouquet! With her eager little face and her chattering little tongue, she attracted all eyes as she passed with Brian into their box; but the laughter she excited was kindly enough; and many admiring glances followed the tall and dark young Englishman in whose charge she had the good fortune to find herself.

Brian was equally unconscious of the amusement and the admiration. He was greatly touched by the girl's passionate delight in the music.

They were singing that evening the charming fantastic 'Contes d'Hoffman," and clever Mademoiselle Isaac was displaying her versatility in her threefold character, now moving Tiff to mirth as the wonderful doll Olympia, with her angular gestures and mechanical roulades, now touching her to tears over the woes of the pretty dying Antonia, or chilling her with dislike for the heartless prima-donna Stella.

As the child listened Brian saw that she was completely lost to everything around her.

Her fan fell from her hands, her roses dropped unheeded on the floor. When the delicious barcarolle which is heard behind the scenes ceased, she started, and evidently felt an almost physical pain.

"Oh," she said, with a long-drawn breath, "if they would only sing it again!"

She was speaking to herself; she had forgotten Brian's presence.

And now she was thrilling again to Antonia's song at the quaint old harpsichord, shuddering at Doctor Miracle, the evil genius of the little story, pitying poor desperate Hoffman as he knelt by the dead body of his first love.

When the curtain fell on this act, she turned to Brian with eyes that were wild with excitement; she tried to sing the haunting opening phrases of a song; she did not answer when he spoke to her.

And then to quiet her nerves and bring her down by degrees to earth, the young man began to tell her how it had always been the dream of poor Offenbach to compose an opera, that should be worthy of production at that house, and how, when at last the desire of his life was about to be gratified, the eager brain was still in death, the longing ears never to hear the music he had created.

"And so they sang one of the numbers at his funeral; and, though he is gone, his pretty music lives on and delights you and me to-night. Talazac sings very well—the tenor, I mean. He——"

"Oh, please," cried Tiff, "he is not Talazac! He is Hoffman; and I am sorry for him!

"What will he do now that Antonia is dead—now that that wicked wretch has made her sing her soul away?"

"You will see," Brian answered, smiling kindly at her.

"You know, if he has lost his love, his genius is still left him, and the sacred responsibility it involves.

"You will see that he will conquer his regrets as a man should, and take up again his neglected pen.

"There—the curtain is going up; you will find it all out for yourself, dear, better than I can tell you."

Indeed Tiffany had already turned to the stage, and she had hardly heard his last words.

Mr. Beaufoy, who had seen the opera several times, was free to watch her absorbed face, and let his thoughts wander, with a suppressed sigh, many a mile away from the Opera House in Rue Favart.

Perhaps however he was merely applying the moral he had drawn for Tiff from Hoffman's fate and telling himself that a man must not give way weakly to a sentimental trouble, since there are always so many more Olympias and Stellas than there are Antonias in the world—so many more dolls and coquettes than true and tender women.

But indeed he was pleased in Tiffany's pleasure, and felt his heart softening more to this little affectionate, merry, neglected creature whom Ninon had sent him to protect.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALONG THE LINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA" "UNDER WILD SKIES" ETC, ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MEETING.

FIVE weeks had elapsed after the accident before I was able to clear my mind from a terrible thought that oppressed me; and I did it by subtlety, arranging with one of the servants that the next time the patient's friend, Ned, came, I should be called into the hall.

They contrived it very cleverly, and I went slowly across the hall to the great pot-pourri jar, to stand there trembling and playing with the leaves, listening for the voice of this man who had been a great drunkard, and had nearly sacrificed the life of his friend.

You cannot tell how, in my darkened life, I made much of little things, and fed my fancy on hopes.

It had struck me that this might be my Ned, whom I had known in more happy days, and that now we were both afflicted it would be pleasant to know one another again—nothing more.

I stood there trembling, waiting for disenchantment, when the butler said——

"You want to see Mr. Black?"

"Yes, I have some news for him—particular information," said a voice.

And I uttered a deep sigh; for that dusky, harsh, old man's voice was not the voice of my Ned.

I went to my room an hour after that, to come down light-hearted and smiling, for I was relieved. My Ned could not have sunk so low.

I was coming down the stairs, when my aunt met me.

"I was looking for you, child. You shall go and meet my signalman this morning. He's on the couch, and in high spirits, for his friend has been and brought him good news. I wish you could see him.

"There, don't mind me, child."

"I shall know him by your description, aunt," I said.

"It's a deal better than petting dogs," said my aunt. "But, he's getting well, I'm sorry to say, and will soon go. He wants to go now—an ungrateful wretch!"

"But you are glad he's well, aunt, dear," I said.

"I don't think I am, my dear," she said leading me along. "I wish he had lost his leg. It would have been a lesson to those horrid people."

I laughed, and she patted my cheek.

"Come, child," she said—"this way," and she led me into the blue room.

"There, John Black," she said—"I've brought my niece to see you—I mean to talk to you. She's blind, you know."

"I am very, very glad to see her, madame," said a voice which thrilled me through and through.

And I uttered a wild cry, held out my arms, and uttered the one word—

"Ned!"

"Nonsense, child, nonsense! You believe everybody's Ned. It's my signalman, John Black."

"No, no," I cried, piteously. "It is not true—you are deceiving me. It is Edward Scarlett."

I could not have stayed myself if I had tried, but went across with outstretched arms to the couch, where, in an instant my busy fingers were feeling for the countenance I knew; but only to come in contact with two strong hands covering a face.

They were wet with tears that trickled between the fingers; and as I drew them away, there came a deep groan.

But that did not stay me, for my fingers, like electric wires, were flashing to my dark brain every lineament of the face I loved so well; till, with a wild cry of joy, I exclaimed—"It is! it is!" and sank sobbing on my knees.

"Is the girl mad?" gasped my aunt.

"No, madame," I heard him say; and his deep tones thrilled me as I crept closer to his side, and clung to his great strong arm—"No madame.

"She is right. My name is Edward Scarlett, and she knew me in happier days."

"Then—then you are an imposter, and no signalman after all."

"No," exclaimed Ned, warmly—"I am no imposter.

"When Miss Anson, here, knew me, I was a gentleman. I fell from my position, and became a railway servant; though, thank God! that is at end."

"I—I—don't understand it a bit," cried my aunt.

But no one heeded her; for Ned, was holding me in his arms.

"My poor little darling," he said with quivering voice, "and do we meet again like this?"

"Yes, yes," I said pitifully, and the tears gushed from my sightless eyes. "I am blind now, and plain, and worthless. Oh! let me go! let me go!"

"Let you go!" he cried, "now I have found the treasure again for which my heart has longed for years?

"Jenny darling—when it was too late I found I loved you with all my heart—when I was beggered by my wild vices and extravagances; and I fled from you, lest you should find out what a scoundrel I was."

"Jenny," said my aunt, "I don't understand all this. It is a mystery. Sir, perhaps you will explain?"

"I will," he said, eagerly.

"Miss Lint, when I first became acquainted with your niece, I was a partner in a large manufacturing concern in the Midlands, and on the most intimate terms with my friend, John Pauley.

"We were always together; and—young, foolish, and with plenty of money—we got ourselves mixed with racing matters, lost, grew more reckless; and at last we found that we were both ruined, and that we two, well educated-men, were beggars, without means of getting bread.

"It maddened me almost; but I had sense enough to force my friend with me to an old lawyer we knew, in whose hands we placed our affairs."

I was kneeling at my aunt's side, with my face buried in my hands; and I understood now poor Ned's feelings on the night we said good-bye.

"We went then to London, where, after a few attempts to get what the world would call gentlemanly occupation, and finding to our despair that we were useless encumberers of the earth, to our shame be it said we plunged into a life of degredation, besotting ourselves with drink, till I awoke from my mad dream, and tried to awaken my poor friend to his condition—in vain.

"The fine, polished, scholarly man had become the slave of drink.

"I left him in despair, vowing I would take another road.

"With the few shillings I could obtain, I bought rough clothes, and determined to blot out the past by new beginnings.

"I sought and obtained work upon the railway; rising," he said bitterly, "to the dignity of signalman.

"I have no more to say, only that my poor friend had enough left from the wreck of his property to give him a couple of pounds a week, enough to poison him; and he went on in his degradation till he found me out, settled himself down here, and got me to try and work his cure.

"That I hope I have effected, though by a mad plan; and this day he brings me news from my solicitor that not only are all old debts honorably paid, but I am again an independant man."

"That will do, sir," said my aunt, coldly, as she raised me from the floor.

"And now will you let me go?"

"I see no reason," said my aunt.

And she led me away.

CHAPTER XIX.

SEEING.

AS my aunt led me, trembling and sobbing, to her own room, it was to question me at length, and for me to confess how long and well I have loved poor Ned, gazing piteously at her with my sightless eyes, as I moaned—

"And now we meet once more, he finds me thus. Oh, aunt, I looked on it with Mr. Stacey as a release; but now my heart will break!"

"Hush, hush, little woman!" she said, as she drew me towards he.

"Did he not say he loved you?"

"In pity, aunt—in pity."

"Perhaps so—perhaps so," she said.

"But you must try and bear it, Jenny, even as I have borne my hard fate; for I have lived on for every spring of love to dry up in my withered heart, which child, I could have loved as well as you."

"Poor aunt," I sobbed.

"Aye, child, it's an unnatural life, and a selfish one. But you must and I must be all in all to each other while I live; when I die, you must live on here, and take my place as the blind old maid.

"There, child, dry your eyes."

She left me sitting alone that evening, and I was low-spirited, when I heard the door open; and suddenly my heart began to beat painfully, for I knew that this halting step must be his.

I was trembling; but a spirit of resignation came over me once more, as I told myself that the past must be buried, and the words spoken held as dead.

"Jenny!"

And my hands flew out to him; but as I tried to withdraw them, he caught them in his, and the next moment he was seated by my side.

"Jenny," he whispered in my burning ears—"and have you remembered me in all these years?"

"You have never been out of my memory a day," I said.

"Do you know that you have never hardly been out of mine?" he said, "but that it has been one long feeling of regret that I had by my own base actsorn myself away. Jenny, darling! I awoke one day to the knowledge that your sweet love might make me happy—but it was when it was too late."

I was crying bitterly.

"A day since, I had no hope of retrieving my position; but to day hope has come. Can you forgive me?"

"But for this," I said, touching my sightless eyes, "I could have said yes. But it cannot be."

"My child," he whispered, drawing me towards him, "I have dreamed of you for years—but as something of the past. I knew not whether you were dead, or another's; but you were my one bright link that held me to the good.

"Though I should never see you again, I made a vow of reformation for your sake; and now, now you come upon me like the realization of some dream.

"Darling, he whispered, taking my head between his hands, "do you know what I can see?"

"My poor scarred face and sightless eyes," I said, trying to gaze in his.

"No Jenny—I, too, am blind. I can only see the dear, sweet face, with hair silvered by the moonbeams, as it is raised to me in a garden far away.

"That sweet face was printed on my memory then; I have seen none other since."

I could not speak for sobs. At last I faltered—

"No, no; it cannot be. I should be a burden to you. Ned, Ned, why did you come? I cannot bear it."

"Lie there, little bird," he said, tenderly, as he drew me nearer to him. "Forgive me, Jenny, and be my little wife—be mine, to be led by my hand, to see with my poor eyes, and call me husband evermore."

"But I shall only be poor, darling," he said. "Mine will be but a little competence, until I gain some post to eke it out."

"And I shall be but a sorry burden, Ned," I whispered, trembling lest my joy should be snatched away.

"I would not have you otherwise, darling," he said, smoothing my hair, and kissing my eyes; but still I shall be but poor."

"Why should you mind, Ned?" I whispered, as I held his strong arm round me, and felt safe now from anything that might come.

"Suppose we are poor—what then? Take me into a cottage and tell me it is a palace, it will be one to me, if you can love your poor blind girl."

He was holding me more tightly to his breast the next moment, and covering me with his kisses, and I tried so hard to be maidenly and modest, but my arms rose to his neck, clung there, and my kisses answered his—freely given—for I was all—all his very own.

Suddenly I started away.

"There is some one here," I said.

"Yes, my child," said my aunt. "So he is to steal you away. God bless you!—may you be very happy!"

The blessing she invoked came, and soon. We were married, and very happy—my old aunt leaving her old home to come and dwell by us and forget the railways. Ned says I am over-painting this; but that is impossible.

And now my blindness seems to have grown into a blessing. It is as he would have it.

I see with his eyes, I am led by his hand, and in the circle of his strong arm I am at rest.

As I write this, a gentle hand places for me sheet after sheet of paper and more than once I have felt that they are wet with the tears that will keep falling.

At times I have sat and thought of the ineffable wonder of this strong man's love, so lasting, so encompassing, so precious to a poor, helpless girl—a love that never tires.

But I must say a few words of others—of Ned's friend, with whom, to hide their identity from the world, he changed Christian names, while they took others that were strange.

He grows daily into a quiet, subdued man, with a weakness for returning to his old habit; but each fit is shorter, and Ned thinks that they will cease.

Abel Crookes is our gardener and groom, and his wife our principal servant, who gives her husband a treat now and then to polish the dinner-bell.

Mrs. Crookes was in great trouble one day, because a married friend came to see her; and when she was gone, dear Ned told me it was an old flame of his, nee Gee, and we laughed over it together.

Frank and Kate are as happy as ever, and little Vi often comes to stay, and is greatly petted by Aunt Lint.

Perhaps I ought not write about this; but it was on the anniversary of my wedding day, and I feel that I must tell you.

I was lying in my darkened room, feeling so happy.

I never knew why they darkened my room, but I heard them draw down all the

blinds. I cannot describe the strange feeling of joy that was in my breast as I lay there, restful, and feeling as if every breath I drew was so much happy life.

For there was something lying down by my side, where it had been laid by the nurse; and as I passed my trembling hand there, it was to feel a tiny little, soft, warm hand close upon one finger; and I lay still, afraid to move and disturb that wondrous touch.

Ned had been to me, hours before, to kiss me once, whisper loving words, and then steal out on tiptoe.

Aunt Lint had been, and kissed me, and Kate had come over, to be admitted for an instant; and then I believe I slept.

But now I lay waiting and longing for Ned to come again; and at last nurse went down softly, just as if I were very ill, and then I heard the stairs creak as they only do creak under his loud heavy tread, lest he should not come.

"Darling," he whispered, the next moment, and his lips were pressed tenderly to mine, and my arms were around his neck.

"Ned," I whispered, "is it asleep?"

He softly moved the little wrapper.

"No," he said, "awake."

"Take it to the light," I whispered.

And he seemed to understand my wish; for he took the tender little thing carefully from my side, and bore it to the window, where I heard him draw up the blind, and stay for a few moments, while my heart palpitated painfully—he seemed so long. Then he laid it by my side once more.

"Ned," I whispered then, in a low husky voice, for a terrible fear was coming upon me, and I began to tremble—"Ned—darling—could you see?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; bright as heaven's own blue."

"Then it is not blind?"

"My darling, no!"

My great dread had passed with his words, and as my arms clasped his neck, it was for my hands to join on the other side in a prayer of thankfulness, as heartfelt as I could breathe, and it was condensed in these two words—

"Thank God!"

* * * * * *

And now, this Christmas Eve, three years later, I sit here by the fire happy, as my husband talks to me of her who is as old now as little Vi was when I saved her from the flames.

"Tell me again Ned," I whisper, as I nestle against his broad breast.

"As beautiful as the day, Jenny. Your bright auburn hair, your gentle face—all love and beauty."

"The face that was, Ned," I say.

"The face that is, love," he says—"for to me it has never changed."

In my weakness, I love to hear all this; and I nestle closer as I say—

"I like to see with your eyes, Ned—to see like this. I know her little face by heart; but I love to see her with your eyes, Ned."

"Her eyes, Jenny," he goes on, "are like yours—that soft, dark grey."

"Like mine were—as they were."

And they tremble beneath the lids.

"No, love, as they are—the eyes I gazed upon that night when I said it was too late! I can see none others now."

And then, in thankfulness and joy of my heart, I lay my head where I can hear his earnest, faithful heart beating over for me, and feel at rest,

* * * * * *

Is it childless, this reiteration? Is it simple, this telling of our love? Do you think it weak?

Forgive me, then, you who are happy round your Christmas hearths; for I am only what you would call poor—and blind.

[THE END.]

A Heroine for Him.

BY HENRY FAITH.

IT was a lover's quarrel, no doubt about that; sky threatening—a regular storm brewing—one could see it at a glance.

She stood, all flushed and excited, in the curtained bay-window, her fair face clouded—her blue eyes flashing, her breath coming quick and fast.

He stood at her side, stern and pale, his hands clenched excitedly, his dark eyes full of mingled sorrow and passion.

"Lottie!" Frank White's voice was low and intense with feeling.

"It is all your fault, remember," he went on, with an effort at calmness.

"I have only requested you, kindly and gently—and, as your betrothed husband, I surely have some right, to desist from these foolish flirtations.

"Why, Lottie, you were flirting last night with that Mr. Stewart, whom public opinion pronounces a—a—I can't tell you, only that he is not proper company for you, my darling."

Frank's voice lost its angry tone, and grew very gentle and tender.

"You know that this would not trouble me so if you were not dearer to me than my own life. Say you are not angry with me, sweetheart."

Frank White bent his handsome head, and his dark eyes gazed into Lottie's blue ones.

But the little lady was in a contrary mood that morning.

She felt like anything but meek submission to the will of her lover, even though she knew that all he had said was true, and prompted by his love and care for her.

Lottie Blake was an orphan—an heiress, too—just released from the restrictions of boarding-school life.

She had lost both her parents in her infancy, and had passed the eighteen years of her life in the care of hirelings, and later at a fashionable school.

And, pure as a flower, she had grown up amidst weeds.

She had been betrothed to Frank White for nearly a year, and was now under his mother's care, passing a few weeks at a watering-place.

People pronounced Lottie a heartless flirt, but she was merely a thoughtless, careless girl, plunging headlong into the unaccustomed gaieties about her with all her heart.

Surrounded by scores of admirers, no wonder her head was nearly turned with adulation and flattery.

Frank White's words had touched her pride.

Did he then imagine that, because she was careless and happy, she was shallow and silly, and needed a guiding hand?

She mentally resolved to cut Mr. Stewart's acquaintance that very day; but then Frank should not have the satisfaction of thinking that his words had instigated the step.

Frank had no confidence in her love, she told herself.

Well, let him think as he pleased.

All the girl's defiant spirit was in arms when Frank, at last fearing that he had wounded her sensitive nature, attempted to set matters right.

He was struck dumb with amazement as she turned upon him a face that was white and angry, her blue eyes fairly scintillating.

"You've said enough, Frank White!" she cried passionately.

"I can see now the—the mistake I have made.

"We were never intended for each other; we are not suited.

"You want a wife that will obey you like a puppet—a woman with no will or mind of her own—a perfect Griselda!

"And I can never submit to tyranny in any form.

"The man I love must trust me; and since you have ceased to do that we are better apart.

"I give you back your freedom."

"Lottie, stop!"

He was white as a statue.

"Do you mean what you say?

"You do not love me then, Lottie?"

The girl was thoroughly aroused now, and regardless of consequences.

"No!" she cried madly.

"I do not love you any more!"

She dashed aside the heavy curtains that draped the bay window, and was gone.

And just then a man arose from the lounging-chair beside the window, where he had ostensibly been reading, and sauntered slowly away.

It was Mr. Stewart, and there was a curious smile on his sensual lips and an evil light in his grey eyes.

"Listeners hear no good of themselves," he muttered.

"Well, maybe not; but at any rate I know which card to play next.

"Piqued and angry at White, the beauty will turn to me.

"I'll play the heart-broken lover, step in before her anger against my handsome rival has time to cool, strike while the iron is hot, and I'm mistaken if I'm not engaged to Lottie Blake and her fifty thousand dollars before the sun sets."

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

But Mr. Stewart had forgotten that.

For a long time Frank sat in the bay window, his head bowed, staring his misery in the face.

Could it be true that Lottie loved him no longer?

Ah, well, it was better for him to know the worst before it was too late!

An hour or two afterwards he saw Lottie, radiant in white organdie and pink ribbons—sitting on a rustic seat in the hotel grounds in conversation with Mr. Stewart.

Frank bit his lip and hurried away out of sight.

Well, after all, it was nothing to him now.

He had no longer any right.

Lottie had ceased to love him; and only a few hours before he would have staked his life on her love and truth.

But Frank did not know what was taking place out there in the shade of the oak tree, beneath which Lottie was sitting beside her obnoxious companion.

Mr. Stewart had asked Lottie to be his wife, and had been very decidedly—not to say contemptuously—refused.

And when he arose and left her, there was an angry gleam, in his wicked eyes, while in his heart he registered an oath sooner or later to be avenged.

Lottie came down to dinner in the great dining-room at sunset, to find Frank's place vacant.

"Where is Frank?" some one was asking his mother, as Lottie entered the room and took her usual seat.

Mrs. White looked troubled.

"There's been an accident," she said.

"Some men were out fishing, the boat capsized, and two of them nearly drowned. Mr. White was sent for in hopes that he could save them, their families being totally ignorant of any means of resuscitation. But it is several miles down the beach, and I fear it will be late in the night before he can return."

It chanced at that instant that Lottie raised her eyes, to encounter a glance from Mr. Stewart, who was her *vis-a-vis*.

She could not repress a shudder, as she saw the audacious triumph in his face.

Dinner over, Lottie threw a shawl about her, and wandered off on the beach alone.

The sun had set now, and twilight, weird and uncanny, was gathering.

Lottie wanted to get away from everybody, to be alone with her own thoughts.

She sat down at the foot of a tree, and gave way to her bitter reflections.

A voice aroused her, and started her from her musings.

It was the voice unmistakably of young Stewart—eager, earnest.

"He bit at the bait mighty easy!" Stewart exclaimed.

"Won't he be furious though when he has had his long hard ride for nothing, and finds that there has been no accident—no capsized boat—no half-drowned men?"

Stewart paused, and laughed heartily.

"And you're sure the bridge is unsafe?" he went on eagerly.

"Oh, yes, sir," another voice replied.

"The high waters, and the late storms have just played the mischief with the old thing.

"Nobody can pass over it on horseback without going through—sure as shooting!"

"And there will be no mistake—no failure?" queried Stewart. "White will be sure to come back that way?"

"He'll have to," the other answered grimly.

"He went by the beach road, it is true; but he can't come back that way after night falls, for the tide is in now.

"No, sir; there ain't but one road for Frank White to come by, and that is over the old bridge, and if he crosses or tries to cross that—well, you know the rest."

And, with a savage chuckle, they moved away.

Lottie sat half stunned at the revelation to which she had just listened.

She knew the whole vile, murderous plot now.

This was Stewart's vengeance.

In a flash she saw her own way clearly.

She had brought this on Frank White—she must save his life though she lose her own.

She staggered to her feet, and, drawing her shawl about her, turned away in the direction of the old bridge, perhaps half-a-mile distant from the hotel.

To be sure, she did not even know the road he had taken; but if she could only cross the rotten structure, she could then await his coming on the other side.

She reached the place at last.

Gathering all her courage together, she stepped upon the old bridge.

It was nearly dark now, but with an agonized cry for protection, she moved onward.

Even beneath her light weight it tottered and shook.

She could see away down below the black angry water, with its swift awful current, swollen by recent rains, and choked by driftwood.

It was a wild sight, there in the gathering gloom.

Onward she moved, holding her breath, and, with clasped hands and dilated eyes, watching the other side.

Thank Heaven, she is over—safe at last!

She sank down on a mossy stump, and, crouching down, awaited Frank's coming.

And darkness gathered and fell over all things.

She felt timid and afraid; but she calmed her fears as best she might, and remained patiently at her post.

An hour passed.

What if he were not coming home that night?

The thought made her heart stand still.

But even then she heard, away in the distance, the tramp of a horse's feet, coming nearer and nearer.

She arose and stepped forward.

The moon had risen now, and its clear rays showed her plainly that the horseman was really Frank.

She stepped into the road; she forgot everything—all that had happened that day—and, raising her voice, she cried wildly—

"Frank! oh, Frank!"

Frank checked his horse, and paused irresolutely.

His heart beat tumultuously; he could not credit his own eyesight.

"Lottie!—you here!" he gasped.

"What is the matter?"

He sprang from his horse, and in a moment more she was in his arms, her head on his breast, while she sobbed out the whole story.

He listened with a new light in his eyes, his heart full of happiness.

And while they stood alone in the midnight, with a great rush and roar the old bridge went down.

Frank shuddered, and drew Lottie closer to him, while a thankful prayer went up to Heaven.

"My darling," he uttered softly, "you have saved my life."

And, after tying the horse to a tree, to remain until he could send after it on the morrow, when the tide would be out and the beach road passable, Frank assisted Lottie into a boat found near by, and they made the passage in safety.

Home in Mrs. White's cosy parlor, where the mother was anxiously awaiting her son's return (she had not missed Lottie, but supposed that she was safe in her own room), Frank told her the whole story.

And when he finished he laid his hand upon Lottie's.

"You risked your own life," he said, his voice all a-tremble, "to save mine.

"Why did you do it, Lottie?"

And Lottie answered bravely—there quarrel was a thing of the past—

"Because I love you, Frank."

The next day Mr. Stewart was arrested and convicted on Lottie's evidence, and sentenced to several years' imprisonment.

Frank and Lottie were afterwards married, and are now living happily together.

Scientific and Useful.

VALUE OF SMOKE.—Smoke will soon be at a premium. From 2,800,000 cubic feet of smoke given out by say 1,000 cords of wood, it is said 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol, and 25 pounds of tar may be obtained.

DURABILITY OF WOOD.—The Western Union Telegraph Company has estimated the durance of telegraph poles as follows: Cedar, 18 years; chestnut, 13; juniper, 13; spruce, 7 years. Cedar, chestnut and spruce are used in the Northern States; juniper and cypress in the Southern States, and red wood in California. Poles cut in the summer will not last as long as those cut in the winter by five years.

NEW BLASTER.—Experts have tested the new blasting material known as amidogen, and are stated to have found it entirely free from danger. It appears from their report that this explosive can be ignited only by exposure to an electric spark, or the naked flame, or by heating up to 180° C. But amidogen, even if ignited, will not exert its explosive effect unless firmly inclosed. The explosive effect of amidogen is said to be midway between that of powder and that of dynamite.

TO PRESERVE SILVER.—A technical journal gives a simple recipe for preserving silver and plated articles from turning black, as they invariably will if not kept constantly in use. The same plan could with advantage be applied, we should think, to any metal subject to change or rust from the action of the atmosphere. Plain collodion—that is, not photographic collodion—is diluted with twice its bulk of spirits of wine, and applied to the surface of the metal with a soft brush. The spirit soon evaporates, leaving an imperceptible and transparent skin, which can when required be removed with hot water.

MELTING POINT OF METALS.—A German scientist employs electricity in determining the melting points of metals and alloys fusible at low temperatures. He interposes in an electric circuit provided with a bell, a rod of the metal or alloy to be experimented with, and plunges this rod into a bath of some suitable substance, the temperature of which is given by a thermometer. The circuit being closed the bell will ring, but as soon as the bath attains the temperature necessary to fuse the metal the circuit is broken and the noise ceases, and the reading of the thermometer taken at that instant, will give the melting point of the metal or alloy in question.

NOVEL BRIDGE.—An Englishman has suggested a novel method of building bridges either for temporary or permanent use, which seems to have many advantages both in simplicity and cheapness. Iron or steel cylinders, twenty, forty, or more, feet in diameter, constructed of plates riveted to rolled iron or steel ribs, are rolled into the stream over which it is desired to carry the bridge. These gigantic cylinders, with half their diameters sunk under water, form so many arches upon which a level road can easily be thrown. The cylinders can be built up on the spot where they are required, or, filled in with a temporary floor at one end, can be readily floated to their destination. The system is expected to be useful in laying railroads across land subject to occasional flood.

Farm and Garden.

SALTED PORK.—Many a man has had pork fail to keep properly, for the simple reason that it was salted in a frozen condition. Frozen meat—whether mutton, pork, or beef, will not properly assimilate the salt, and cannot be depended on to keep in hot weather.

CATERPILLARS.—The cluster of eggs that may be found on apple-tree limbs should be picked off during open weather in the winter, and thus prevent the hatching of the tent caterpillar. The eggs appear to be tarnished, but such is not really the case, since a light coat of varnish or oil would all destroy their vitality by excluding the air.

INSECTS.—Insects of different species are attracted to the plants suited to the wants of their offspring by the sense of smell, and if some odor strong enough to overcome the natural odor of the plant can be applied to the plant or the earth around it, it will no longer attract the insect, but will escape its depredations. There are many strong odors—carbolic acid, for example, that might be employed for such purposes.

KITCHEN REFUSE.—The cottagers of Europe have a rather primitive way of using the slops of their houses. If the ground slopes at all to their gardens they have a channel cut through rows of current or gooseberry bushes and pie-plant. Into these shallow ditches they pour all their slops, and it is no great exaggeration to say that rhubarb stems are common from four to seven pounds weight, without leaves, and currants grow very large.

SHEEP.—Sheep will endure severe cold if kept dry; but exposure to storms—either rain or snow—is very hurtful. The water remains in the wool, and in an atmosphere little, if any, above freezing, it chills the body a long time. It is for this reason that an open winter is generally unfavorable for feeding sheep. If kept housed they are too warm, their appetite fails, and they lose flesh no matter how fed. The coarse-wooled sheep are more impatient of wet than the fine-wooled, the heavy, oily gum on the wool of the latter keeping the water from penetrating to the skin.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 10, 1883.

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THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

How many important lessons would remain unlearned, if we were not surrounded by the beauties of nature! First let us consider the flowers; how exquisite is the workmanship of these "stars of earth." Take one of the simplest ones you can find and examine it. Do you not discover, even in this, marvels of arrangement, color and shape? In the smallest and most common blossoms we find great opportunities for enlightenment, and infinite room for study. What a different aspect this world would present if it were completely devoid of flowers and leaves! The study of botany develops all the finer feelings of one's nature, and teaches the goodness of the Creator in showering upon us so many blessings which he might have withheld.

These frail, delicate blossoms speak to our hearts a new language. They are full of knowledge, and they cheer until old age with its doubts and fears hurries us to the grave. They are not found alone in the hot-houses and gardens of the wealthy, but they adorn the home of the rudest peasant, grow wild in the meadows, and on the brinks of streams in the valleys. They serve not only to make the world beautiful, but to fill the air with fragrance.

Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for images of beauty if they were to perish? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence—the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the lily; the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet; the sweet voice is like a breeze kissing its way through flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the ringlets of the bride, and strew her path with fragrant bells as she leaves the church. We place them around the face of the dead, and they become symbols of our affections. They come upon us in spring like the recollection of a dream, which hovers about us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and purple delights, fancy broidered. Sweet flowers that bring before our eyes scenes of childhood—faces remembered in youth—the mossy bank by the wayside where we so often sat for many hours drinking in the beauty of the primrose with our eyes—the sheltered glen, darkly green, filled with the perfume of violets, that, in their intense blue, shone like another sky spread on the earth—the laughter of many voices, the sweet song of the maiden, the downcast eye, the spreading blush, the kiss ashamed at its own sound—are all brought back to memory by a flower.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE most striking uniform in the Diplomatic Corps at Washington is that worn by the Chinese Minister and his native secretary. They appear always in the Chinese court dress, a gorgeous costume of gold and blue quilted brocade, with wide sleeves, flowing petticoat, and close skull-cap on which is the button denoting exalted rank.

—

THE complaint is made that there is a scarcity of young men specially fitted to assume positions of responsibility in the practical application of electricity to the wants of the public. Electrical engineering presents a wide field, and the demand for able young men in that line will be a great and growing one. Why not start technical schools, with this point mainly in view?

—

GOVERNOR FOSTER, of Ohio, recently pardoned a convict who was serving a life sentence on the certificate of physicians that he was in the last stages of a deadly disease. As soon as the convict was out he recovered, and the Governor, being informed of it revoked the pardon. Now the Supreme Court of the State is asked to decide whether the Governor has power to revoke a pardon. It is generally believed that he has, and that pardon having been obtained by a trick, the Governor did what was right in revoking it.

—

THE fashionable caprice which induces ladies to affect some especial flower, and wear it to the exclusion of all others, is merely the extension of a custom long observed by royal houses. The lilies of France, the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland, and the Scotch thistle, have been historic for ages, and to these in modern times have been added the blue cornflower of the Hohenzollerns, the violets of the Bonapartes, and the daisies of the reigning family of Italy.

—

A MODIFIED Maine liquor law has gone into operation in Copenhagen, Denmark. The number of public houses is to be reduced from 1350 to 300. No showily-dressed girl is to be allowed to stand behind a drinking-bar to attract young men. Landlords are forbidden to serve liquor to any person under eighteen years of age, or to any one already under the influence of liquor. A drunken person is to be taken home in a cab at the expense of the liquor-seller in whose house he took his last drink.

—

AT Madura, and other cities in India, when the missionaries wish crowds, they adopt the expedient of erecting a white canvas, and throwing magic-lantern pictures upon it. The pictures are generally illustrative of events in Scriptural history, and are watched with great delight by the eager crowds. As an adjunct of the show a cabinet organ is wheeled along on a platform-cart drawn by oxen. The missionaries sing hymns to tunes which are played on the organ, and in some of these the natives join with much earnestness.

—

SOME archæologists are puzzling over the discovery in one of the remains of the prehistoric lake dwellings of Zurich, of a hatchet made of pure copper. It will be well for some scientists to reconsider the grounds upon which they base the several ages and the progress of man. At present, from a great variety of points of view, the grounds are very boggy, to say the least of them, and the footfall of the adventurous traveler is very uncertain. Within the last twenty years in Scotland, not two miles distant from where excellently-equipped mills were at work making first-class cloth, yarn for stockings was made by the whirls considered to be used by the ancient mound-builders. A remote past sometimes projects itself very curiously into the living present.

—

A NEW and novel parlor amusement for parties has recently been invented. The boys and girls are divided into two separate rooms. The girls are seated in a row, and each one has a chair in front of her. A young man is ushered out of the other room and chooses his seat. As soon as he is seated the lady behind him proceeds to blindfold him. This being accomplished the cook comes in from the kitchen, kisses him, and returns to her hiding-place. The handkerchief is removed, and the youth struts proudly to a seat assigned him on the opposite side of the room, where he licks his lips with great satisfaction, and smiles sweetly at the girl who blindfolded him. Then young man No. 2 is led in and served in a like manner, to the great disgust of young man No. 1, and the general enjoyment of the female assembly.

—

PEOPLE who write or sew all day—or rather those who take but little exercise—may warm their cold feet without going to the fire. All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or to jump up and down, but simply to rise—the slower the better—upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. Even the half-frozen car-driver can carry this plan out. It is one rule of the "Swedish movement" system, and, as motion warmth is much better than fire-warming, persons who suffer with cold feet at night can try this plan just before retiring to rest.

—

A BOSTON preacher says that nothing gives such a complete index to the character of man as the substance he spreads upon the icy sidewalk in front of his house. He who uses sifted ashes is a strict utilitarian, precise and hard in his ideas, without much sentiment, and prone to look to the end to be gained, without much thought of the gracefulness or beauty of the means employed. He who takes ashes half-burned coal, and incombustible slag out of the grate and pitches the whole promiscuously over his sidewalk, is a man who really cares nothing for the safety of other people's limbs. He who covers slippery places with sawdust, which seems to afford a footing, but does not, is cynical and malevolent. He who strews the greasy pave with sand so judiciously heated that it it sticks to the ice without melting it, is refined and nice in his tastes, sympathetic in his disposition, and bulging with philanthropy.

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THE proverbial ingenuity of Americans is well indicated by a reference to recent statistics gathered from the Patent Office, and while they testify to the industry of the nation, they also show, by the places of origin of different specifications, how the groove in which a man's thoughts are apt to run becomes moulded by the circumstances with which he is surrounded. The New York inventors give their minds principally to mechanical application and scientific discoveries. From the New England States come contrivances of a labor-saving nature. From the centres of agriculture come inventions relating to harvest operations and the like; while the Rocky Mountains furnish specifications of mining implements. Unfortunately, it is a well-ascertained fact that few people who patent their ideas, and who devote the best part of their lives to work which immeasurably benefits their fellow-beings, ever receive any money reward for their exertions. It is calculated that only about one in every one hundred makes it pay

—

WEALTHY New York families are fast forming their habits upon French and English models. Mother and daughters each have their own maid, and the "own" maid never loses sight of her young mistress. She sleeps in an alcove, or small room, separated only by a curtain; or, if her quarters are in another part of the house, she is the last to see her at night and the first to see her in the morning, for she makes her clothes, she prepares her toilet for the day, she superintends her bath, dresses and undresses her, accompanies her on all her walking, shopping, and other little expeditions. The oversight exercised is constant, and so minute in the nature of the case that the young girl can do nothing, not even post a letter, except under surveillance. In society, and especially in the ball-room, this is removed. The maid may be in the dressing-room, the chaperone chatting with some other matron within a few feet of her, but the feeling of personal restraint is in a measure removed, and the joy in it, and the temptation to avail herself of it is all the greater for its contrast with her daily life. That the restriction and scrutiny should be reserved for the home, and the freedom accorded in society, is one of those social inconsistencies which arise from the attempt to graft European customs on American stock.

—

THE marriage life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The first is when two people of genius or taste for themselves meet together upon such settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties. In this case the young lady is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect to those above them. The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and presentiment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid what they think the chief of evils, poverty, and ensure to them riches, with every evil beside. These people live in a constant constraint before company. When they are within observation they fret at each other's carriage and behavior. When alone they revile each other's conduct. The happy marriage is where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still live in spite of adversity or sickness; the former we may, in some measure, defend ourselves from; the other is the portion of our very nature.

THE SWEET SAD YEARS.

BY CANON BELL.

The sweet sad years, the sun, the rain,
Alas! too quickly did they wane,
For each some boon, some blessing bore:
Of smiles and tears each had its store,
Its chequered lot of bliss and pain.

Altho' it idle be and vain,
Yet cannot I the wish restrain
That I had held them evermore;
The sweet sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain
That long within the mind has lain,
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,
"Nothing can ere the past restore,
Nothing bring back the years again."
The sweet sad years!

At Last.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

"DON'T you know me?" said Martha Minkley.

The Rev. Paul Blossom was digging up a bed for late peas, under the pink clouds of the apple-boughs, with his straw hat tilted on the top of his head, his linen coat flattering in the wind, and his brow beaded with perspiration.

One little Blossom was following at his heels with a toy rake, smoothing down the lumps of fragrant earth; a second was building houses with oyster-shells, in the angle of the garden wall, while two others were engaged in the wholesale manufacture of mud-pies, at the kitchen door-step—all four dirty, happy and demoralised.

Mr. Blossom looked hard at the trim figure, with its neat cheap hat, black and white checked plaid shawl and flounced alpaca dress.

He was a little near-sighted, a little absent-minded, and yet—surely this sweet-voiced, cherry-cheeked woman was none of the sisters of his flock.

"No," said Mr. Blossom: "I can't say that I do."

Miss Minkley smiled and colored a little.

"Try and think back," said she, "to the days of the Wesleyan Seminary, on Rose River, where we recited Roman history in the same class, and old Dr. Dodge heard us in rhetoric and English literature—old Dr. Dodge, who wore green spectacles and talked through his nose!"

Mr. Blossom dropped his spade.

"It's Matty Minkley," said he.

"But, dear me, how you've changed!"

"I haven't grown any younger, I don't suppose," said Martha, biting her lip. "But that's a complaint that is common to us all, Mr. Blossom."

"Yes, I know—I know!" admitted Paul, turning red to the very roots of his hair as he realized what an awkward mistake he had made.

"Time doesn't spare any of us."

And then feeling that he had not bettered matters, he made haste to ask—

"And how came you in Toppleton village?"

"My cousin's husband, Hiram Dodd, keeps the hotel," said Martha.

"I've come to see about a situation as housekeeper for a gentleman that Mr. Dodd knows; for I'm not above earning my own living, Mr. Blossom."

She spoke with a little fulness in her throat, for she had somehow cherished Paul Blossom's memory kindly since those boy and girl days, and now he had never even asked her to "Come in!"

"He might have introduced me to his wife, at least," said Miss Minkley to herself, as she walked swiftly and lightly along the green path.

"That wouldn't have been too much for old acquaintance sake.

"But if he chooses to forget old times, I can only follow his example.

"I wouldn't have thought it of him, though."

And the waving billows of the distant apple-orchard swam in the disks of two big tears, which momentarily obscured Miss Minkley's bright black eyes.

And Mr. Blossom mechanically dug the pea-bed up, planted the "wrinkled marrow-fats," and went into the house, where his sister, a middle-aged spinster of a care-worn aspect and a very uncertain temper, was engaged in single combat with the children.

"I declare, Paul," she croaked, catching sight of her brother, "them children are enough to try the patience of Job.

"All washed clean this morning, and now led and darned—and now look at 'em! Why, a gipsy gang couldn't be more discreditable in their appearance."

Mr. Blossom looked feebly at the chubby, rosy, dirty flock.

"It never used to be so when Mary was alive," said he.

"Well, and that's just what I am saying," said Miss Blossom tartly; "and what I say every day in the week—you ought to marry again."

"Yes," said Mr. Blossom, with a sigh, "I suppose I ought."

And by some curious link of ideas he thought of Martha Minkley, standing out there among the apple-blossoms, with the delicate pink color on her cheeks and the old roguish sparkle in her black eyes.

"Certainly you ought," said Miss Blossom, thinking of Hester Henderson, the village dress-maker, who had money in the bank, which might fairly be compensate for her Gorgon-like severity of countenance. "Some one of mature age and ripened judgment."

"Of course, of course," said the Reverend Paul.

"Who would befit her position as a clergyman's wife, and keep your house for you in a model manner, as it should be kept," went on Miss Blossom, "and govern your children with discretion and mildness."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mr. Blossom. "I believe I know the very person to realize all these ideals."

"So do I," said Miss Blossom oracularly. "And not a hundred miles away, either."

"In this very village," said Paul.

"Exactly," nodded his delighted sister.

"It is certainly my duty," said Mr. Blossom.

"And somehow upon this very day of all days, I feel moved to fulfil it."

And he put on his best suit, and went straightway to the "Eagle Hotel," kept by one Henry Dodd and Elvira, his wife.

"Is Miss Minkley to be seen?" he asked politely of Mrs. Dodd, who came out from the kitchen with carmine cheeks, and wiping her hands on a snowy roller-towel.

"Oh, yes, I guess so," said Mrs. Dodd, smiling and curtseying to the clergyman. "Squire Telwright has just been to see her but I'm pretty sure that he has gone now. Mat, Matty, where are you?

"Oh, she's in the blue parlor.

"Please to walk in, Mr. Blossom."

And the clergyman walked solemnly into the pretty blue-carpeted room, with its much-waxed mahogany chairs, gaudy-rug, and stiffly-starched muslin curtains, where Martha Minkley sat knitting.

"Miss Minkley," said he, entering without unnecessary prelude on the subject which was at present absorbing his mind, "we have known each other from childhood."

"Yes," said Martha.

"And I believe you to be a devout Christian, a conscientious woman, and a good housekeeper."

"I hope I am," said Miss Martha, rather fluttered by this unusual address.

"In my home," said Mr. Blossom abruptly, "I need all three.

"And I believe Providence has put it into my head and heart to appeal to you at this critical opportunity."

Miss Minkley neither blushed, giggled, nor burst into tears.

She rocked back and forth, went composedly on with the red worsted sock that she was knitting, and lifted her black eyebrows just the least little trifle.

"I'm very sorry," she said.

"I only wish you had been a little earlier; but I'm engaged already."

"Engaged?"

Mr. Blossom's lower jaw fell; he stood blankly looking at her.

"To Mr. Telwright," explained Miss Minkley.

"But he's sixty," cried Blossom.

"He is not young," admitted Martha.

"Surely, surely, Martha," argued Paul, forgetting all formalities in his eager interest, "you cannot care for him?"

"N-no," said Martha, "I can't say that I do. But he offers me a very good home."

"Is it possible, Martha," said the good clergyman reproachfully, "that you can allow yourself to be swayed by considerations like this?"

"One must do the best they can for themselves," said Miss Minkley.

"Well, well," sighed Mr. Blossom, "it would be downright sinful to doubt that all is ordered for the best.

"It is the will of Heaven.

"I always liked you, Martha, and I believe your life with me would have been both useful and pleasant.

"At least, no effort of mine should have been lacking to make it so."

"I am very sorry," said Martha demurely. "But first come first served, you know."

"I should like occasionally to call and see you," said the clergyman.

"You will still be in my parish, you know?"

"Oh, certainly," said Martha.

"I hope that we shall always be the best of friends."

And Mr. Blossom almost fancied that, for a quarter of a second, the tender grasp of his hand was in some measure returned.

He walked dejectedly out.

"I am too late, Mrs. Dodd," he said, meeting the cheery landlady, who was coming in with a pair of newly-brightened brass candlesticks.

"Dear, dear, sir!" said Mrs. Dodd.

"She has already promised herself to Mr. Telwright. Though how, to be sure, she could ever have made his acquaintance—"

"She wasn't acquainted with him, sir," said Mrs. Dodd.

"Not at all.

"At least, not until I introduced them, an hour ago."

The Reverend Paul looked horrified.

"And yet," he gasped, "she is going to marry him!"

Mrs. Dodd, in her consternation, dropped one of the brass candlesticks.

"Bless your heart alive, sir!" she cried out, "she ain't agoin' to do nothing of the kind.

"She's only going to be housekeeper for him at $150 a year, and two servants kept. You wasn't a-meaning, sir, to——"

"I was asking her to be my wife," said Mr. Blossom solemnly; "and I fully believed that she understood me to that effect."

Mrs. Dodd grasped eagerly at the sleeve of his coat.

"She couldn't!" she said.

"Just wait a bit, sir—wait a bit.

"Martha! Matty! come out here this minute!

"You haven't understood a word that the Reverend Mr. Blossom has said to you. He has asked you to marry him!"

The knitting fell from Miss Minkley's hands.

She turned very pale, and began to tremble.

Was it then true—the crushed out, forgotten dream of her whole life? The reaching instinct of her hungering heart?

Did some one really love her at last—even her?

"I—I didn't comprehend!" said she. "I supposed that he wanted me to be his housekeeper. I believed that his wife was living."

"She's been dead these four years," interjected Mrs. Dodd.

"And if ever there was a saint upon earth, Martha Minkley, and a man as any woman might be proud to marry, it is Mr. Paul Blossom."

Martha held out her hands.

"Paul," said she, forgetting all the years that had elapsed since they were boy and girl together at the Wesleyan Seminary, "do you care for me? Do you love me, Paul?"

"I do," he answered solemnly.

"Then I will be your wife," said Martha, with a little sob.

In this world nothing is altogether satisfactory.

The Rev. Paul Blossom was happy; so was Martha Minkley; so were the children, and in a lesser degree, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Dodd.

But Miss Jemima Blossom was not at all pleased, after having selected Miss Hester Henderson as her brother's second wife.

Neither was Miss Henderson herself, who had already settled on the color of her wedding dress.

And Squire Telwright was compelled to advertise in the paper for a suitable housekeeper, after all.

But love, a late-blooming flower in some lives, was beginning to brighten Miss Martha Minkley's solitary existence at last; and what mattered anything else?

On-A-We-Tah.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

ON-A-WE-TAH, of the Senecas, was a man of powerful build, a great hunter, and an influential chief in the councils of the Six Nations.

For some real or imaginary cause he had early in life taken a dislike to the pale faces, and when the French and English were battling for supremacy not only in Canada, but along the great lakes to the Mississippi, he delighted in the strife, and invariably sided with the weaker side, that the struggle might be prolonged and both parties be exterminated.

But what he particularly disliked was the invasion of the territory in what is known as the heart of the great State of New York, and the permanent settlement therein of the encroaching pale faces—for the presence of these strangers would, if long permitted, result in driving beyond the great waters his own people, or in their destruction as a nation.

Perhaps this was the reason that actuated On-a-we-tah in his conduct toward the "long swords," as he sometimes designated Europeans.

He had great faith in the Mohawk, Brandt. He had fought under him and had found the whites not invulnerable, and not the children of the Manitou any more than the red men.

John Wentz, a sturdy Hollander, who had emigrated from the banks of the Rhine a few miles south of Utrecht a few years previous to the opening of our story, and temporarily settled at Albany, made up his mind that he would penetrate the then wilderness, and settle somewhere in the rich stretches which he had been told were to be found anywhere between the bottom lands of the Mohawk river and those of the Genesee, and even westward as far as Lake Erie.

Wentz loved his country.

He could not abide the town.

But he had a young and numerous family, the eldest of whom was Gretchen, a girl of fine physique, pleasant countenance, and large deep blue eyes, which when excited by merriment or anger, blazed like stars in a clear, dark night.

John's wife was a delicate woman. She had not been in perfect health since she left Amsterdam, but, like her daughter Gretchen, was not easily turned aside by trivial obstacles happening in her path.

Wentz had brought a considerable sum of money in gold from the old world; but he found it would not support him in idleness in Albany many years, and if he would provide for the future he must act, and that speedily.

Accordingly he purchased horses, a few cows, farming implements, and packing his family in one of the covered wagons, his trusty gun slung over his shoulder, turned his face towards the setting sun.

Instead of following the course of the Mohawk, John Wentz struck the trail that led from Schoharie to the southern end of Otsego Lake—the source of the river Susquehanna—and fording as he came to them, the Chenango and Tioughnioga rivers. At last he found a tract of country that greatly pleased him, lying between Cayuga and Seneca Lakes.

The Hollander and his family were delighted with their journey. They had never looked upon a more desirable country, and many times they were tempted to settle on eligible lands that were near Albany. But the spirit of adventure, the desire to know more of the paradise in which they found themselves, led them on toward the unknown, until they had placed one hundred and fifty miles between them and the old Dutch town.

And it seemed strange to John Wentz, notwithstanding he was oftentimes assured he would meet hostile Indians in his path, and was warned to keep a sharp lookout for them, else they might catch him tripping when least prepared to protect himself and family.

He had not looked upon a human face, red, white or black, since he had left the settlements near Schoharie.

All but assured that there was no hostile aborigines in the country he had traversed, he relaxed his vigilance and camping not far from what is now known as the village Ovid, proceeded to cut down and gather up logs suitable for the building of a house which would give them shelter until better times and means came to them.

Gretchen, who was eighteen, and her brother William, a lad of fourteen years, undertook to provide from wood and stream all the venison, bear meat and fish the family could consume.

But Wentz and his family had not escaped the vigilant eyes of the savages. Oneidas or others of the great Indian Confederation, and On-a-we-tah, who was encamped on Lake Ontario with a large band of warriors, were duly informed of the intrusion of the Dutchman within his dominion.

When it was added that there was none but Wentz, his wife, two girls—one a papoose—and a boy, the chief smiled grimly, and said, "Very well. Do not disturb them. I will when I return from the war-path deal with them."

John Wentz, undisturbed, continued his labors, and finally completed his log house, into which the family moved.

Then John anticipating a long and severe winter, cut many cords of hickory, oak and pine, and drawing them to the neighborhood of the hut, piled them until he had quite unconsciously, built an all but impregnable wall around it, and which it dawned on his mind might be serviceable in the event of hostile attacks.

Meanwhile Gretchen became more and more proficient in the use of her weapon, and could wing a bird high in the air, which her father could scarcely discern.

The fall and then the winter months came and went without any disturbance or adventure to the family, and then came the spring, which was early, and unprecedently warm.

During all these months the chief of the Senecas was absent on the warpath, now in Canada and anon moving between the French posts on the upper lakes, plundering and destroying wherever opportunity served.

On-a-we-tah delighted in blood.

His belt was thick with scalps, and his lodge was thatched with those of the long-haired people of the St. Lawrence and the Hudson.

Now he had returned to his native hunting grounds, and he counted in anticipation the scalps of the intruding Hollander and his family.

He regarded the venture of Wentz as the thin edge of the wedge which, if not presently removed, would be driven home and the confederation destroyed, upon which not On-a-we-tah, but all the leading men of the Six Nations, depended to resist the coming, but they believed not resistless tide of white immigration.

Still in his war-paint, and with the big plumes of the eagle yet fastened in his coarse and long black hair, the chief of the Senecas early one morning and quite alone, left his lodge and moved rapidly, like a shadow, in the direction towards Wentz's cabin.

His design was to enter it, and, in the absence of the man slaughter the family, not leave one alive.

Fortunately for those within the cabin, none of them could cope with the powerful chief—Gretchen and her brother being absent as well as their father—On-a-we-tah was necessitated to pass through the woods on a trail which he saw had been freshly made, and not with moccasins.

In his haste he came upon the settler, who armed with an axe, was about to hew down some of the lofty pines and firs that were within his reach.

Wentz's surprise was not less than that of the Seneca.

He was the first red man he had ever seen since he had left Albany, and the idea, therefore, of attacking or being attacked was far from his mind.

On-a-we-tah, perceiving his advantage, gave forth the war-cry of his tribe, and before the astonished Wentz was aware of his movements, the chief sprang upon him, and catching him by the body hurled him with violence to the ground.

Then, like a savage beast, he leaped upon him, and grasping him by the hair, raised his sharp-edged scalping knife. Wentz, now on one knee, and supporting his body with his left arm and hand, grasped with his right at the Indian's wan-pum belt.

"Who are you," he cried, "that thus attack a peaceable man?"

Perhaps On-a-we-tah did not understand the language of the pale face.

He had heard English and French, with words of which he was familiar, but the deep guttural of the Platt Deutsch was something new in his ears.

"How!" he exclaimed, "I am the great On-a-we-tah, the chief of the Seneca people, and the enemy of the pale face. You must die?"

Again he raised his armed hand to give the fatal stroke, for Wentz was entirely defenceless; but the hand when it fell it was powerless for evil.

A sharp crack was heard not far off.

This was immediately followed by a low whistle and a thud. Then the war-chief relaxed his hold, and staggered back, and with a hissing moan threw up his arms as he fell forward, dead.

"Saved!" exclaimed Wentz, not yet out of the daze into which he had been thrown by

the sudden attack of the Indian. "By whom?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when his daughter, Gretchen, her blue eyes ablaze, appeared before him trailing her heavy rifle.

"It was I, father," she said. "I saw the Indian leap toward you as he gave his war-hoop.

"I saw his scalping-knife gleaming like polished silver in the light of the sun, and I felt you were taken at a disadvantage, and that if my gun did not reach your assailant before his hand descended my father would be murdered. I raised the gun to my shoulder. I never was cooler in my life. I aimed at the man's heart, and see how truly I sped the ball! Had it varied an inch either way perhaps the Indian would have had strength enough to kill you ere I could load and a second time cover him."

"My child," said Wentz, as he drew his daughter to his side and kissed her forehead. "You have indeed saved your dear father's life. But for you and your mother's sake we must return to Albany. Had you not destroyed the giant of an Indian, how terrible would have been the fate of all."

Brave Gretchen urged her father to stay on his land, which he at length reluctantly consented to do, and it is a curious and inexplicable fact that never after was any member of the family molested.

The body of On-a-we-tah, so runs the tradition in the Wentz family to this day, was secretely buried by Gretchen and her father.

The reason given for permitting the Dutchman and his family to live in peace on the land they had between the lakes, and therefore in the very heart of the Seneca Country, is believed to have arisen from the fact that On-a-we-tah had been informed of Wentz's intrusion, and had given his people strict injunctions not to harm any of the whites, as he desired to visit his vengeance on them alone and reap their scalps for his belt.

The descendants of John Wentz, and particularly of his daughter Gretchen, are numerous at this day in Central New York.

An Old Letter.

BY M. E. A.

TEN per cent. on the whole investment, and safe as the bank of England; not bad that."

So mused Judge Arnold, as he stood before the cheery wood fire, resting his arm on the low mantel shelf.

It was a cheerful old room, with its carpet and hangings of worn crimson, its deep window seats and its dark, curiously carved wooden mantel piece

Although Judge Arnold had prospered, from a worldly point of view, since he had taken the room, as a poor young lawyer more than twenty years ago, he had never since been able to find another to suit him quite as well.

"A good investment," he repeated. "I must see Wilson to-morrow."

He returned to run over once more the chaos of figures that had enchained him since the court adjourned that afternoon.

But although he was sure that he had placed it on the mantelpiece but a moment before, the scrap of paper was not to be found, nor could the strictest search and the most shocking profanity on the part of the judge reveal the slightest trace of its whereabouts.

Judge Arnold was not long in arriving at the conclusion that for so obvious an effect, there must be a cause.

A few minutes search served to reveal it in a crevice extending between the mantel shelf and the wall so nearly concealed by the heavy moulding which extended over it as to easily escape observation.

"I wonder how long this has been going on," said the judge grimly, as he poked unsuccessfully for the missing document.

Finding it to be beyond his reach, he rang the bell and ordered a hatchet to be brought.

In a few moments the dusky polished cupids, with their interminable garlands of vine leaves and grapes were lying a disordered heap on the floor, and Judge Arnold was poking among the dust of half a century, and bringing to light a curious collection of treasures.

Letters, bills and memoranda, which had been carelessly left on the mantelpiece from time to time, and whose loss had called down the vials of his wrath upon the heads of luckless housemaids.

A letter containing a sum of money, concerning the loss of which Judge Arnold had made the lives of all connected with it, from the postmaster down to the servant who opened the door, a burden to them for months.

And finally, almost hidden by the dust, in that it at first escaped his observation, a little note that had once been white and dainty, but now soiled and defaced by time.

The sight of the dainty sloping characters sent all the blood from the face of the judge, and his hand trembled so he could scarcely open it.

It was not a long letter, but it took him a long time to read it.

It was dated fifteen years before, and ran thus:—

"DEAR ROB,—

"What a foolish boy you were to rush off so abruptly without giving me an opportunity to take back the silly words I only said to tease you, and which I was sorry for before you were out of sight.

"Write to me Rob, or, better still, come to me and I will give you a different answer to the question you asked me that night.

"Ever yours,

"NELL."

A foolish, girlish letter, yet very like the frank impulsive girl who had written it so long ago.

He dropped it with a groan, and buried his face in his hands.

"Poor little Nell," he said.

"Dear little bright eyed Nell."

And then the thought came to him of how perhaps the bonny eyes had grown dim and weary with watching.

How perhaps she had gone down to the grave still waiting; while he was growing hard and selfish, and closing his heart against all womankind because he believed her false.

So much might have happened in fifteen years.

He sat there while the wood fire burned itself to white ashes, the rain pattered against the window pane, and the room grew chill and cold.

Thinking of the years that had passed since then.

The hard grasping money-getting money-saving years, that might have been so different, oh, so very different, but for the loss of this little note.

Thinking of that summer night so long ago, when he had rushed out of her father's stately home with his heart full of bitter wrath and passionate pain, her mocking words ringing in his ears.

The words that were so much the more stinging that he was poor and struggling, and she was a very rich man's daughter.

Of the weeks of aimless wandering before he could bring himself to return to the routine of his office work.

The weeks so full of pain, that seemed to change his whole nature.

It was then her letter had come and had been lost.

* * * * * *

In one of the tiniest of cottages, in a pretty New England village, Miss Ellen Morton stood flourishing her shining shears in alarming proximity to pretty Minnie Kirk's pink ears.

A very attractive specimen of the genus, old maid was Miss Morton, and perhaps in all the village there was not one who boasted a larger circle of warm friends than she.

A busy life she led, but not an unhappy one, judging by the unwrinkled brow, and bright eyes she had brought out of her thirty-five years of it.

If she ever looked regretfully back to the time which many of her patrons remembered, when she was not the village dressmaker, but the petted and spoiled darling of the richest man in the village, she made no sign, and was seldom known to speak of those dead and gone years.

"Oh, Miss Ellen," said Minnie, shrugging her pretty shoulders.

"If your temper were as sharp as your pins, I think that apoplectic Squire Murray would be quite justified in saying you ought to be labled dangerous."

"Did he say that?" said Miss Ellen with a smile.

"Yes, and ever so much more.

"I am afraid you were dreadfully severe, Miss Ellen."

"Perhaps I was.

"But what can people expect when they will be impertinent."

"Was it impertinent to want you to be mistress of that big house?

"I wish some one would be impertinent to me, not exactly Squire Murray though.

"But I have heard ever so many people say you were foolish to refuse him."

"Oh, my dear, I do not object in the least to the big house, but if it were Windsor Castle I don't think there would be the least temptation for me to share it with Squire Murray."

"Do you object to gentlemen as a species?

"I know it is your own choice that you have never married."

Miss Morton stood a long time deliberately moving the pins from the vicinity of Minnie's shoulders and depositing them in the fat cushion at her waist. And then she said—

"Minnie, I don't think there are many women who live to be thirty-five without a love story, and I don't suppose I am very different from my sisters.

"I don't mean to tell you mine, for your pretty head is full enough of nonsense already.

"I will tell you the moral I have deducted from it.

"If there should come a time when you feel that you could give yourself to one and one only, out of all others, give him a true woman's answer if he asks you to, and don't torment him as you did a certain tall friend of mine at the sociable last evening, lest he leave you in anger, and in losing him you miss the crown of a woman's life.

"For after all it is a dreary sort of life for most women without love."

Minnie made no verbal answer, though her face was rosy red, but in the kiss she gave Miss Ellen there was a world of thanks for the half-confidence, as well as an implied promise that if Miss Ellen's favorite Will Reed called that evening he would receive a welcome that would cause him to open his blue eyes wide, and convince him that the ways of women were indeed past finding out.

"Who is this coming up the walk?" said Minnie a moment later.

"What a nice looking gentleman."

"A book agent, or patent medicine man I suppose.

"Appearances are deceitful sometimes, you know."

"Open the door, dear, and tell him there is nothing we are in need of at the present time."

But it was neither a book agent or patent medicine man, who said in a quick imperative voice—

"Is Miss Morton in?"

Before Minnie could answer Miss Morton herself was in the hall, and the strange gentleman said Nell, and Miss Morton said Rob, though how on earth she knew him I cannot guess, and something in their faces told Minnie she was one too many, and catching up her gipsy hat, she ran down the walk, softly singing the old song—

"'Tis the old, old story,
Set round in glory,
That oh, 'tis love, 'tis love you know,
That makes the world go round."

Miss Morton was the first to recover her self-possession, and she said—

"I am very glad to see you back to the old place, Mr. Arnold.

"I suppose you find it very much changed."

"I dare say it is.

"I did not notice.

"The only thing I am interested in is whether you are changed Nell since you wrote that letter fifteen years ago, but which I never received until yesterday."

He placed the faded yellow paper in her hand.

Miss Morton grew very pale and then very red.

"You never received it?

"The silly letter I have shed so many bitter tears of wounded pride and regret over.

"Tell me about it."

And then he told her the whole story, and said—

"Nell, I have been true to you all these years.

"'A woman hater' they call me.

"But it was only that the image of one sweet woman was so engraved on my heart though I believed her false and fickle it made all others seem as shadows.

"I think we were both a little to blame, but I think we have both been sufficiently punished by all these years of separation and loneliness."

And I presume Miss Ellen though so too, for there was a quiet wedding in the little church soon after, with Minnie as bridesmaid, who the village gossips say will soon play a more important part on a similar occasion.

REVERENCE FOR WILD ANIMALS.—The poor people of Siberia have a great deal of genuine reverence for the wild animals with which they are constantly surrounded, and from which they are always suffering to a greater or less extent.

The wolves and bears they especially fear, for these animals in the winter-time are usually bold and fierce.

Not unfrequently they have been known, when driven to extremities to the pangs of hunger, to make a raid upon the smaller villages.

They seem to know by instinct where it is safe to attack and where not.

They are rarely ever seen in the vicinity of the larger towns, and never venture to enter them.

The smaller villages, and the yet smaller settlements, they delight by prey upon, and truth to tell they are generally pretty able to scatter every one before them, temporarily at least, and to escape with unscratched skins.

In the case of the bears they are usually found alone, or at the most two together, prowling about in the night seeking whom or what they may devour.

In many places where the means of defence against their ravages are scant and inadequate, the villagers, when they hear brain prowling about the village and pushing his nose against the doors of their houses and huts, considerably throw refuse and meat out into the street to him.

In this way his hunger is not unfrequently appeased, and he goes away without doing further damage.

But the objection to this warfare is that the bear very soon becomes attached to the locality that treats him so well, and becomes a visitor all too frequently for the comfort and enjoyment of those who are thus, as it were, compelled perforce to be his entertainers.

After awhile the business gets to be monotonous and some means are at last devised to quiet his too ravenous appetite by putting him into the proper condition to be winter food for those who have hitherto been his hosts.

Thus is the balance of courtesy evenly preserved.

No trait of character is rarer, none more admirable, than thoughtful independence of the opinions of others combined with a sensitive regard to the feelings of others.

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MARRIED TROUBLES.

"WEN you're a married man, Samivel," says Mr. Weller to his son Sam, "you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while going through so much to learn a little, as the nigger-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rayther think it isn't."

It is somewhat sad to find a philosopher of the senior Mr. Weller's profundity undervaluing in this way the teachings of experience.

That matrimony is a great teacher no reasonable man will attempt to dispute.

We have it on the authority of a widower who was thrice married, that his first wife cured his romance, the second taught him humility, and the third made him a philosopher.

The wisest policy, when you have caught a tartar, is to make the best of a bad bargain, and if you can't get the upper hand, do as Old Mother Hubbard did when she found the cupboard empty—"accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness."

It may be even politic to dissemble a little, and pretend you rather enjoy it than otherwise.

Whatever you do, don't appeal to the girl's friends for any comfort or consolation.

They will only laugh at you.

Take warning from the unfortunate young man who, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter.

At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman becoming weary of the grumbling of his son-in-law, exclaimed—

"You are right, sir; she is an impertinent jade; and if I hear any more complaints of her, I will disinherit her."

Connubial bickerings would often prove extremely amusing to a disinterested spectator.

In Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, Douglas Jerrold has presented us with some very entertaining illustrations of the "counsel many, sweet and precious," besides "the sage advices," which the dutiful wife bestows upon her erring lord and master.

Poor Caudle, as a rule, thought discretion the better part of valor, and sought refuge in the arms of soothing slumber; but all men are not of such unheroic mould or docile temperament, and do not allow their wives to have it all their own way, without at least an occasional protest.

"Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" said an enraged wife to her husband.

"Well, no," he replied deliberatively: "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours."

In matters of controversy, however, the woman generally has the best of it.

A witty old author advises men to avoid arguments with ladies, because in spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up.

The above retort might be matched by a dozen others culled from domestic controversy, in which the woman has come off triumphant.

"Really, my dear," said a friend of ours to his better-half, "you have sadly disappointed me.

"I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste."

"Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and in this case will stick to you as long as you live."

Why is there so much connubial tribulation in the world? Many reasons might be stated.

Dean Swift says the reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

But it is manifestly absurd and unfair to saddle all the blame upon the wives in this way.

George Eliot tells us that marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or conquest; and it is undoubtedly true that much of the matrimonial discord that exists arises from the mutual struggle for supremacy.

They go to church and say "I will," and then, perhaps on the way home, one or other says "I won't," and that 'begins

Some one has said that conjugal affection largely depends on mutual confidence.

A friend of ours quoted this sentiment the other day in the smoking-room, and added that he made it a rule to tell his wife everything that happened, and in this way they avoided any misunderstanding.

"Well, sir," remarked another gentleman present, not to be outdone in generosity, "you are not so open and frank as I am, for I tell my wife a good many thing that never happen."

"Oh!" exclaimed a third, "I am under no necessity to keep my wife informed regarding my affairs.

"She can find out five times as much as I know myself without the least trouble."

WHAT an argument in favor of social connections is the observation that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more.

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Our Young Folks.

THE OAK AND THE OCEAN.

BY H. A. K.

ONCE upon a time, very, very long ago, there was a Dryad living in a tree.

This Dryad was a lady who grew out of the heart of a great old oak-tree.

She was surrounded and almost hidden by the twisted branches that grew up all around her.

Poor Dryad!

There she was, and there she had been for a long time.

The old oak tree was right in the middle of an enormous forest.

So large was this forest that none of the wild animals who lived beside the old oak knew where it ended, or, even if it had any end; for the Dryad was not alone in the forest.

Every day, and all day long, hundreds and hundreds of birds used to perch on the branches of the old oak and sing little songs to the Dryad, before asking her what they were to do and where they were to go.

Every animal loved the Dryad, and she was so very old—though she looked very young—that she could tell them just when to look out for a storm and have their nests all nicely thatched to keep out the rain.

The boughs were full of little red and grey squirrels running up and down, and every now and then bringing a very big nut that they had found as a present to the Dryad.

Down among the roots that here and there twisted themselves out of the ground as if there was no room below for their great bodies, there was a very large family of rabbits, and a middle-sized family of foxes, and one solitary old mole, who was so blind and got so confused with all the different passages that he sometimes used to tumble right down into the middle of his neighbors.

None of them ever minded in the least, for where the Dryad was there was never any quarreling.

The story of the beautiful Dryad is this:—

Many years before there were ans men and women in the world, it was full of beautiful fairies, who used to play together and work together all day long, and were always loving and happy.

They all had work to do, for people can never be happy without work, and neither can fairies.

They had to see that all the little animals, and all the big animals too, got just as many of the good things that were meant for them as they ought to get, and no more.

Another thing they had to do was to go down under the ground and arrange all the gold and silver, and coal and iron, and diamonds and precious stones, so that when men were put on the earth they should find all these things with just as much trouble as was good for them.

These fairies were always as happy as they were always doing good.

But one morning two of them set out on an excursion to a place where there had never been before, to help a big spider to bind his web by fixing little bars across all the openings that the big spider's clumsy fingers had left in it.

The fairies were never allowed to be out after dark, but the spider lived a very long way off, and when he asked them to come he gave them such a lot of fairy candy to eat on their way that they forgot all about the time till they saw that the sun was setting.

Then the fairies were quite frightened, and were wondering where they should spend the night—for they were a very long way from their comfortable nests.

They went on a little farther, but it got very dark, and at last they heard the roar of a stream right in front of them.

Just then a pair of fiery eyes seemed to start out of the ground before them, and a sharp voice asked who was outside there.

They knew the voice—it was the voice of an old otter friend of theirs who lived under the overhanging bank—and when the otter found out who they were he made them come into his snug little house, and wanted to make them out some supper.

But they had very bad appetites that evening, after eating so much candy, and they were tired and glad to curl themselves up among the little otters and go to sleep.

In the morning when they awoke the sun was pretty high up, and neither of the fairies felt very comfortable after sleeping in a stuffy little house with otters, and they knew the other fairies would wonder what ever had become of them.

However, they bathed in the river, said good-bye to the otter and his children, and went on their journey to where the spider was.

They went on and on, and the road got dusty and stony, and they got very thirsty, but there was no water to drink.

At last one of them got so lost her temper, a thing that no fairy ever did before—and, turning sharp round on her companion with a terribly sour face, began to scold her for taking them into such a dry place.

It was too bad, because both fairies had come of their own free will.

But the other was in just as bad a temper and her voice was very harsh and her face very sour as she began to scold in her turn, saying that it was all the other one's fault.

No sooner had she said this than there was a terrific thunderclap, and the sky, from which the sun had been glaring down on them a minute before, was black with great thick clouds.

When at last the awful noise stopped and the fairy who had begun the quarrel lifted her head and looked about her, she was alone—and yet she was sure that there was somebody speaking.

The fairy was frightened, and hid her head again, but the voice got more distinct and she heard it say this—

"Fairy, you have done what no fairy ever did before; you have quarreled.

"You will not be allowed to go back to your old home, and even if you might you would find none of your old friends there.

"No fairies could live here after this quarrel, so they have been sent to live in another world far away in the sky.

"As for you, you will be taken to the middle of a great forest, where a young oak-tree has just sprung from the ground.

"You will make part of that oak-tree, growing as it grows.

"Your sister has gone to the ocean, and in the ocean she will live.

"You will not leave the oak, and she will not leave the ocean till the tree and the ocean meet, and [illegible] Dryad once upon a time were [illegible].

"Then you will go to the land upon your happy evening, and the heart of a star.

The voice stopped, and when the fairy opened her eyes she found herself peeping out of the leaves of a little oak-tree in the middle of a wood.

That is why the Dryad used to cry herself to sleep, and awake wishing that she could hear the sea waves rolling on the shore—the waves that were so long of coming.

The other fairy, too, lifted her head when the storm was past, and saw nobody.

She, too, heard a voice, and it told her that till the day when she could kiss her sister her home should be in the ocean.

And when she opened her eyes again she saw nothing but the deep blue sea tossing gently around her as she floated on it, and throwing little splashes of spray on her beautiful face.

Yes, she had been turned into a Nymph.

And the Nymph could not help being sad sometimes for want of somebody to speak to her that would understand her.

Sometimes when she was asleep, and rocking gently on the little waves, for there were never any big waves where she was, she would wake up with a start, for she fancied that the breeze was moaning through many tree-tops close beside her.

This went on for hundreds and hundreds of years—the Dryad living in the oak tree, loving the birds and the beasts, and being loved by them in return; the Nymph living in the ocean, loving all the queer sea creatures, and all of them loving her.

One night, however, the Nymph discovered that the ocean was moving westward, for the stars above her were not the stars she had seen the night before.

On and on the ocean carried her, steadily and not slowly, ever forward to the land.

And one day the Dryad found that the oak tree was growing old and losing his branches, and his trunk was getting quite hollow; and she began to be afraid that the tree would die, and she die with the tree; but whenever that [illegible] into her head she remembered that she was one day to become a fairy again, and if the tree was not to last much longer it only meant that that day was to come the sooner; so she waited patiently for the happy end.

Not long after this, one evening, all the animals she knew came to the tree as usual, and after she had sung to them they did not go away, but stood there looking at each other as if they were waiting for something [illegible].

So [illegible] thought they were [illegible] anything else of her, and they looked more anxious, and the foxes poked their heads under their wings again and again, and the squirrels kept brushing away at their eyes with their tails.

At last a great lion stepped forward and spoke out: he said that the sea was coming up through the forest, driving all the animals farther and further back, and they were very anxious to know what would become of their queen in the old oak tree.

The animals were much surprised when the Dryad's face grew as bright and cheerful as the face of the sun itself.

Then she told them that as soon as the sea did come she would leave the old oak tree and go right up to one of the stars that were looking down on them with merry eyes from blue heaven, and so turned into a fairy.

They did not know what she meant by that exactly, but they quite understood that she was going away from them, and they were still very sorrowful.

She comforted them as well as she could, and told them that perhaps some of the fairies would be allowed to come down and [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] would [illegible] for a [illegible], but [illegible] or else [illegible].

[illegible] Dryad [illegible] [illegible] was quite sure that she loved [illegible] the sound of [illegible].

It was coming through the trees, quickly dancing over the mossy roots.

Nearer and nearer it came, till the Dryad seemed to feel that the Nymph she had so long been waiting for was coming at last, and she burst out into an exulting song.

Hardly had the Dryad finished when she heard, at first very faintly but growing louder and louder all the time, the familiar voice of her old friend, singing an answer.

Yes, now the first ripples were washing the roots of the great gnarled oak.

Higher and higher came the water, and there at last were the Nymph and the Dryad face to face.

The animals had retreated to a hillock behind the tree, and were watching and listening with all their eyes and ears.

Higher and higher came the water, and higher still, till the huge old trunk was covered.

It was midnight now, and as the day began the Nymph leapt in among the branches, caught the Dryad in her arms and kissed her.

* * * * * * *

Where is this?

In a beautiful star, far away up in the sky.

Thousands of fairies are crowding around two whose faces are the faces of our old friends, the Nymph and the Dryad.

[illegible] a special [illegible] And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE utmost simplicity is rigorously observed for morning out-door costumes, and, indeed, as far as coloring goes, afternoon, visiting, or driving dresses are as dark and sombre as possible, even if very rich.

For the evening, elegantes wear the palest and also the brightest colors, but for morning wear wraps and dresses of the plainest and most sober cut and materials are adopted, especially by ladies of the greatest wealth and position, in whom even even any as this becomes almost affectation.

Their principal morning garb is now a plain cloth or tweed dress and wrap, utterly devoid of trimming, fitting, however, to perfection, and of the best tailor make.

It is said that this extreme simplicity caused some surprise, as if the *beau monde* had somewhat strangely deteriorated in taste.

Ladies of fashion wear principally the long "Dandy" redingote, so called in remembrance of the days of D'Orsay and Brummel.

Gainsborough hat reigned almost without a rival abroad in November, trimmed with long feathers, and of course was imported to Paris in due time.

It forms a very suitable chapeau for cloth and plaid dresses when made of felt matching the prevailing color of the toilette, and is exceedingly becoming.

Among the new materials one of the most important is "Royal" satin, figured, and in three or more different colors, such as a grenat background with flowers in old-gold, pale-blue, and pale-mastic; or bishop's-violet figured with mauve and hydrangea.

It is an exceedingly handsome rich material.

Another new variety of satin is striped and sprinkled with colored lozenges, or with some Persian or Syrian design; a silk of pale-blue satin striped with threads of gold, and sprinkled with moss-green, pink, and brown lozenges; this is used for the skirt and corsage, the scarf, paniers, and draperies being of plain blue satin to match.

Plush and cashmere still continue to be a favorite combination for visiting or reception dresses, the plush generally forming a plain skirt, crenelated or not, and the waistcoat or plastron to the corsage; sometimes, also, it forms the under part of double basques which are crenelated like the skirt.

A reception toilet of plush and cashmere is of the rich dark-brown called *"tete de negre,"* the plain plush skirt edged with two satin pleatings without headings.

The draped cashmere tablier is short, this and the back drapery being scalloped, and each scallop containing the base of a rich palm embroidered in brown silk, which, being very large, forms a wide border.

There are no paniers, and the cashmere corsage has a long point behind, and is closed at the neck and waist in front, the intermediate oval space being filled in with a pleated plush plastron which is gathered up where the corsage meets at the waist, and emerging again in a short fan pleating concealing the front point of the corsage.

Each front is edged with smaller graduated palms like those on the tunic, placed in a sloping position one over the other, the neck being finished with an upright plush collar.

The sleeves have no pretensions, but are edged with palms like the tablier; a very narrow plush belt encircles the waist, fastening with a clasp where the fan pleating of the plastron begins.

Another reception dress is peacock-green broche and gros grain, also a very fashionable combination; the broche skirt consists of one large boutionne ending in a gathered flounce, which is supported by a gros grain pleating.

The pleated tablier is of gros grain, very short, and edged with three rows of ribbon velvet, and festooned on the sides with silver horse-shoe buckles.

The gros grain corsage has crenelated basques edged with velvet, the fronts open over a plain velvet plastron, to which they are secured by round silver buttons.

A very large tournure is worn with this toilette to sustain the looped and much-puffed drapery.

It would be quite for a young person, the peacock-green velvet Directoire redingote, draped by a gros grain secured by a silver horse-shoe, is trimmed with shrimp-pink feathers of a very pale shade.

The same colored surah can line the hat, or bouillonne velvet may be substituted.

New fabrics are being put forth for the spring, though as yet the weather is not very encouraging.

We shall have a large variety to choose from, for almost all styles seem to be rising just now with one another to engage our fancy.

Plaids and check are popular; stripes are by no means given up: and on the other hand, the number of plain tissues is remarkable.

Figured stuffs are to be seen both in wool and silk, and shines form a considerable part in *nouveautes* in dress materials.

One of the most popular of fabrics just now for the *demi-saison* is a sort of rep, or imitation of Ottoman velvet, shot of two colors.

It is frequently used in combination with plain silk of one of the colors of the rep.

Fancy woolens have very pretty patterns brocaded in silk or chenille moons, half-moons, leaves, blossoms, or Chinese or Japanese figures.

This style, which was already fashionable this winter, is likely to be still more so for the spring, only upon thinner materials.

Figured velvets and figured silks are still to be employed in toilets, combined with plain silk fabrics or very light woolen ones, such as veiling or muslin-delaine.

There are many beautiful novelties in trimmings; rich embroideries in silks or beads, embroidered tulles, materials with broche pompons of silk, plushes with pastilles of silk, and chenilles in endless variety.

The Pyrenese tablier is a beautiful specimen in silk, with broche rays of plush and small balls of silk suspended from the fabric, like those worn by the Basque muleteers.

Panels of jet passementerie consist entirely of scintillating stars, with two immense butterflies placed close to the edge.

On a black velvet, faille, or satin skirt these panels have a superb effect; they are very original, and, among the latest novelties, two laces which, in the eyes of many, add greatly to their charms, and, although expensive, they are less so than the voluminous draperies otherwise used, which absorb yards upon yards of lace, passementerie, or costly fringe.

The beautiful new open-work passementerie is much used to embroider tabliers for rich reception or dinner dresses; indeed, the tabliers often consist entirely of passementerie, as this season tabliers, short, and, on the whole, little trimmed, will be in fashion, at any rate for some time.

Bands of passementerie, alternated with flounces of lace, will also form beautiful skirts for dinner toilettes, the paniers, neck, and sleeves simply edged with a flounce of lace and band of the same.

Some of the historical hats of plush and velvet now worn are very trying to the wearer; indeed, none but the young and pretty should attempt to adopt them.

The Charles IX., with its high crown, with velvet strings tying under the chin and secured by a metal buckle, is especially trying, being still, and needing very pretty soft hair beneath it.

The Henri II. toque is exceedingly pretty, with a soft crown made of plush, a ruche of old point-lace, with a golden or pearl-beaded cord touching the hair.

This toque is undeniably coquettish, stylish, and becoming if suitable, but it needs a young and pretty face beneath it or the effect is deplorable, spoiling even the most perfectly appointed toilette.

However, no woman with sense past her youth would think of wearing this coiffure, for her the stylish capote of chenille is far more elegant and becoming.

Chenille holds the most prominent place in millinery fabrics, either plain chenille or chenille pastilles, balls and loops on a satin or ottoman ground.

Plenty of metal ornaments trim the new models, golden pins with round heads securing draperies, strings, and bows; feathers are plentifully used, and amongst them artificial flowers are often put, especially large flowers in warm coloring; wall-flowers, tea roses, peonies, bright-colored nasturtium etc., are the favorites, made of shaded plushes.

As the season advances, the size of chapeaux is leaning more and more to the medium, the large round hats being principally reserved, in felt and beaver, for young girls, or for demi-toilette for young married ladies; and in epingline, chenille, or gauged satin for afternoon theatres, concerts, etc.

The favorite colors for these are ruby, trimmed with gold ornaments and shaded pink feathers, capuchin fawn, black with old-gold feathers, bronze and moss-green with pale-blue and shrimp-pink; old lace is extensively used as coquilles on the brims, or as a lining for a black felt chapeaux.

Doves are now the favorite birds for hat ornaments, their use surpassing that of the long-tailed bird of Paradise, although they have a less dressy and good effect, except for grey chapeaux, in felt or plush.

All the new jupons are trimmed with thick ruches of lace, which help to make the foot look small and slender.

Skirts for day wear are made of black, brown, or iron-grey satin, with pleatings or flounces at the edge, the flounces falling over lace or else edged with pleatings of lace.

Skirts of black satin or plush are frequently trimmed with the fine woolen laces that cannot now be used for ornamenting confections, although they were formerly so fashionable for that purpose.

For under-jupons with ball toilettes, white plush is used trimmed with lace; this material gives the necessary warmth without weight.

All jupons are made narrow, with the fulness drawn to the back, and kept in place by drawing tapes.

Those to whom Lent has a more serious significance will, however, find every kind of plain, black fabric that can be used for ordinary dresses, that can be renovated afterwards by the addition of some figured fabric that will remove the sombre appearance adopted only for a time.

The choice of plain, woolen materials, is most expensive, but scarcely more so than that of the richer silken and velvet fabrics so fashionable now.

Black satin forms an important item in these, mixed with gros grain broches, or with black Spanish lace.

One toilette has the paniers of lace, the satin skirt trimmed with the same, the neck open en cœur, trimmed with coquilles of lace, and the elbow sleeves with lace-jabots; and another has a plain broche skirt with very graceful scarf paniers of satin, the satin corsage open over a plastron of broche.

The jacket-bodice continues in great favor for spring dress.

Whole colored fancy woolen fabrics are much worn just now for morning walks and church.

It is considered in good taste to dress simply in Lent, and one often sees convent-like costumes worn by ladies who step out of the most aristocratic carriages to attend one of the numerous services which go on every day just now in our churches.

Fireside Chat.

WORK NOVELTIES.

WE find, in looking at the needlework likely to occupy the skilful fingers of our readers in the coming season, the changes in fashion are gradual rather than that any very striking novelty has arisen.

Crewel work proper has almost entirely disappeared, and its place has gradually been taken by embroidery in crewel silk, or in the still finer twisted silk, which recalls the beautiful work of Queen Anne's day.

Applique, of many kinds, still holds its own; but it is enriched with gold thread, much used in combination with heavy braiding.

Embroidery now covers canvas with tinsel interwoven, and designs ready printed.

Cross-stitch on linen canvas is still in highest favor, and in some of our leading houses, is properly combined to legitimate cross stitch designs, copied from old work; [illegible] with [illegible].

[illegible] from etched [illegible] oatmeal cloth; the neutral brown tinting of the latter offering an excellent relief to the colors of the embroidery with which they are framed as it were, or to the ground on which they are appliques.

A beautiful new embroidery is being prepared for the approaching season.

"The Marie Antoinette Embroidery," as it will be called, is in fine twisted silk, in conventionalized floral designs, worked in long strips, suitable for borders or the centres of cushions or even for trimming dresses of thick rich materials.

Besides the beauty of the designs and the execution, its chief feature is, that the design [illegible] applique, one strip being [illegible] with [illegible].

As regards the embroidery of dress, we think that a novelty, which will be popular is called Venetian work, and is copied from old Venetian gold lace, having colored embroidery interspersed.

A novel form of cushion is in shape like a bag, covered on both sides with striped plush, but on one side having a corner to turn back, and reveal or protect a second covering of embroidery underneath as the case may be.

Pretty work-baskets, formed of interlaced strips of kid, and pin-cushions, a combination of embroidery and quilted satin, with boxes beneath the cushion, are pretty; and a very useful and practical invention is "The West End Needlecase."

The needles are arranged in rows in flat compartments, and so firmly held that, if they are perverse, they cannot show it, for they have no papers at all.

The case is in two sizes, the larger containing needles for every kind of work.

A novelty to be met with is embroidery on satin, applique on canvas, the canvas to be grounded in cross-stitch; one example is cream satin applique in conventional designs on dark plush.

Tapestry work is in Gobelin stitch, worked on canvas over velvet or plush, the threads being drawn out.

Oriental work is in cross-stitch on a kind of Java canvas, interwoven with tinsel, and having a design painted on it.

For brackets, mantel or table borders, some quaint Japanese satin pictures are applique on velvet embroidered with gold.

Many embroidery designs in twisted silk and chenille are padded at the back, giving them a raised effect.

Grecian applique is outlined with gold on satin and velvet.

Persian cretonne arranged in beautiful borderings on velvet, and embroidered, is known as crefell work.

Embroideries in crewel silk on satin are of many designs, one especially graceful and uncommon is in shades of green on a dark green ground; and chenille enters largely into other designs.

Baby has been thought of in cot covers of ribbed crochet, and cradle quilts of fine soft Baden applique in blue and white.

For larger children there are frocks of cream cashmere, the tunics turned up with embroidered velvet and plush, or in blouses with belt, and yoke or shoulder bands of Russian work.

Adults approve of Queen Anne's shoes, to be embroidered on kid, perforated ready for working.

In Russian work there are Roman aprons, picturesque and useful as well; and table mats, one having an extremely pretty design [illegible].

Then come pretty novelties in chairbacks, printed with Kate Greenaway scenes, and others, worked with a charming beau and belle in Watteau costume, curled periwig, and all complete.

The Japanese embroidery, in continuous designs, outlined with gold thread on Surah, is beautiful.

Heavy bending, mixed with gold thread on velvet, will be one of the features of next year's work.

A new motif in silk embroidery is to introduce a bee hive, with bees among the flowers.

Another is make the design consist wholly of butterflies; and there are some gorgeous night-dress cases in cardinal red silk, embroidered in this style.

Chairbacks are to appear having strips of embroidered in satin stitch, fleurs de lys, sunflowers, carnations, roses, &c., in packets, for appliques on plush, which rivals old embroideries.

In smaller articles, some parasol-shaped pin-cushions are ingenious; and also needlecases, formed of two triangles joined to form a square, lined with flannel, and tied together at one corner, so as to make a puffy triangle again.

There are dainty trifles which could be easily copied in any scraps for bazaars.

Satin pictures are in great variety, both colored and etched.

At another house we find some new materials worth mentioning.

Satin de Gene is a kind of thin, fine, Roman satin, in a beautiful unbleached shade, to be used for chairbacks, cushions, and [illegible].

It [illegible] foundation for embroidery, [illegible] suitable for printing the [illegible].

A [illegible] is a special [illegible] sprinkled with [illegible], and [illegible] to be cut for lined in colors.

The etching are printed also on oatmeal cloth for that deciduation—a washing chairback.

"Silesian cloth" is a cotton plush, beautifully soft, woven with canvas border for cross-stitch.

For working wool there is Penelope yarn, very soft and warm for stocking, or slippers, and "Paris embroidery silk" will serve as twisted silk, and will untwist into a floss, to be used as such.

We were shown a piece of embroidery in which it had been used in both ways.

No furnace, or stove, or lamp, or anything with fire about it, is safe. Accept that view as correct, and watch with jealous care.

CLERGYMEN, lawyers, public speakers, and singers, confirm the opinion of the [illegible] Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat and lungs.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

BY E. B. LAYTON.

By the merest chance in the twilight gloom
  In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
  Oh, I tried, but he would not let me;
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
  With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted its pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said!
  Oh, the clover in bloom! I love it!

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
  And the low, wet leaves hung over,
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
  In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
  While he closed the path before me;
And he looked down in my eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all my lover said,
  Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me.

I am sure that he knew, when he held me fast,
  That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dews at last.
  The sky with its stars was filling,
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
  And he bade me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars crept out from the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said,
  Oh, the moon and stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves won't tell,
  And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well,
  That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
  From the eager lips of my lover.
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
  In the path through that dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
  As they fell from the lips of my lover.

LIFE IN THE STREETS.

THOUGH bad enough in American cities, the life of the children of the streets here is nothing to what it is in Europe. One has only to turn to the pages of Mayhew's "London Labor" to find in the accounts given by the children themselves, the extreme hardship of their lives.

A little watercress-seller, eight years old, with no childish ways or thoughts, and with wrinkles in her face where the dimples ought to be, may be taken as an example of the sufferings of the very young, not only then, but in countless cases now. She sold watercresses at the rate of four bunches for a penny, making a profit of about fourpence a day. She had a home, and in this degree was in advance of many others of her class. But those who cherish children of eight years in brighter homes can best understand the terrible hardships implied in this poor little trader's account of herself. The watercresses had to be bought at Farringdon Market before six o'clock in the morning; and from six o'clock till ten, she traversed the streets to sell them, before tasting food. What simple eloquence of poverty is in a few of her answers to the questions asked by the compiler of the book! 'It's very cold,' she replied, 'before winter comes on reg'lar—specially getting up of a morning. I get up in the dark, by the light of the lamp in the court. When the snow is on the ground, there's no "cresses." I bears the cold—you must; so I puts my hands under my shawl, though it hurts 'em to take hold of the cresses, especially when we takes 'em to the pump to wash 'em. No; I never see any children crying—*it's no use.*'

The vast number of newspaper-boys and flower-girls earn less than sixpence a day. In return for which poor wages the little traders wander till late at night in the great public school of anything but high influence or good example. The stand-keepers look upon them as rivals; they say the children, as sellers, 'prevents others living, and ruins theirselves;' and at least one half of the jealous remark is too often sadly true. Large numbers of them have no settled dwelling, or the worst substitute for a home. Many take their meals in the streets, buying a 'penn'orth of pudding' as a sustaining dinner; and the homeless, or those that are afraid to go home with stock unsold, find a refuge in crowded lodging-houses, or hide in stairs or markets, or lie in some corner under a dry arch.

Other children who live and have their being in the streets are of a still poorer and more numerous class, though some of them are included in the class of free-traders. They buy in the markets and sell at the corners; but they more frequently live by their wits, dishonestly or honestly, and doing odd jobs, such as holding a horse or carrying a parcel.

Joe, in "Bleak House," forms the typical representative of the whole class, or at least of the hundreds that, in reference to the rest of humanity, are more sinned against than sinning, even in that untaught struggle for existence. Joe is a living portrait; there is not a touch of exaggeration about it; and some there are who hold that the boy crossing-sweeper, with his whole life and character dashed in by a few touches, is the finest character-drawing the novelist ever did, and as noble preaching for humanity's sake as was ever found in a popular fiction. Joe's ignorance is extreme, but not without a glimmering, that faintly brightens and goes out. His mind is a blank; but he has a conscience—God made him, and man neglected him. He is described in half a dozen words; we all have seen him—"very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged." He can say for himself that he never got into trouble, "'cept not knowin' nuthin' and starwation." He knows that a broom is a broom, and that a lie is bad; and when he is requested to tell the truth, he has a forcible formula: "Wishermay die if I don't, sir!" There is one jewel in him, among the mud, the horseness and the rags—one diamond. He has a heart; he has gratitude. "He wuz very good to me, he wuz!" cries poor Joe against his ragged sleeve, when the man who had said kind words to him, the nameless, friendless man, is "stitched"—dead. That part of the portrait may, perhaps, be disbelieved, but only for want of knowledge of the poor. If there is no warmth of feeling, no faithfulness, no gratitude, it is because there has been no sympathy.

Grains of Gold.

Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong.

He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

It is a delightful help merely not to be hindered.

Punctuality is one of the characteristics of politeness.

Unchaste language is the sure index of an impure heart.

In this wicked world it is usually safe to be suspicious.

Wealth is not his who makes it, but his who enjoys it.

Ink is the black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

Counsel that favors our desires needs careful watching.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.

Let not the tongue utter what the head will have to pay for.

Without earnestness no man is great or ever did great things.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may save a day of sorrow.

Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; passion is the voice of the body.

God has his eye on your heart, and your tongue cannot deceive Him.

Perform present duties that time may be apportioned for future labors.

To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the first answer to calumny.

A sunny face—The outward latch which invites to the home of the heart.

We generally think better of ourselves than we are willing to acknowledge.

To-morrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.

The most important part of every business is to know what ought to be done.

It is not what you have in bank, but what you have in your heart, that makes you a man.

The least error should humble, but we should never permit even the greatest to discourage us.

A weak mind is like a microscope which magnifies small things, but cannot receive large ones.

That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient, "Do something for somebody."

When men grow virtuous in their old age they are merely making a sacrifice to God of Satan's leavings.

Improve the wit you have bought at a dear rate, and the wisdom you have gained by sad experience.

If you were to try to recall all the good deeds you have ever done in your life, would half an hour be too long?

Take a true view of life; be proud that you have work in the world's busy path, and do it well and honorably.

All men if they work not as it in the great Taskmaster's eye, will work wrong both for themselves and you.

Femininities.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight.

He who had never loved was the first atheist.

Beauty is a power without a plan, a success without a science, a problem without a proof.

A Brooklyn woman has sued her husband's father for $20,000 damages for enticing her husband away from her.

The question that agitates the young female mind is: "Can the electric light be turned down to the faintest kind of a glimmer?"

"Marian, the Amazon Queen," is now exhibiting in Glasgow. She is a native of Germany, seventeen years of age, and a little over eight feet high.

A Chicago man, recently returned from a visit to Mexico, says the women of that country talk more with their sparkling black eyes than with their mouths.

As though terror by rail, and by water, and by fire, and by gold, were not enough, a female infant with three tongues has recently been born in Arkansas.

A girl employed as a spinner in a Lowell mill, recently took the first prize offered by the Boston musical societies for the best criticism of vocal and instrumental music.

The Drummer says that when a certain bachelor was married, the members of the Bachelor Club broke him all up by sending him as a wedding present a copy of "Paradise Lost."

For the man she loves, a woman will sacrifice everything—home, friends, reputation and fortune—aye, even her heart's blood; and if he asked her to wear her winter bonnet in April she would scratch his eyes out.

The latest wrinkle of fashionable architecture is a sitting-room exclusively for the daughters of the family. It is thought to foster a love for domestic life, and furnishes a retreat where solitude can be found for study.

Beauty seems to be on the wane in Boston. It was remarked by a visitor from New York the other evening, after an entertainment in fashionable circles, that "there was not a girl in the room which one would look at twice in the street."

The Queen of Servia writes all her husband's letters while he plays billiards. There are not many wives in this country who would do that much, but we can point out a few who always read their husband's letters. And wise women they are, too.

Verdict of a Baltimore coroner's jury over a dead colored woman: "We find that she came to her death through natural causes—cramp colic, produced by eating sausage for her breakfast—and in the opinion of the jury the sausage was good."

Madame Z. (Paris, of course) lost her husband, and would not be comforted. For days and days after the funeral she wept floods of tears. Suddenly a thought struck her. "I have one little consolation," she said; "I will now know where he is at night."

Mrs. Cooper, the famous English lady rider, while riding with the Cheshire hounds recently, was thrown from her horse and killed in the hunting field before a crowd of friends who witnessed the shocking scene without having it in their power to help her.

A Georgia couple waited over four years for a good opportunity to elope, and just as it came the girl's father took the young man by the hand and said, "Speak up to her, Thomas! I know she loves you, and I'd be tickled to death to have you for a son-in-law."

A Mississippi jury has awarded $2,000 damages to a young lady whom a railway conductor had forgotten to put off at the station where she wished to alight. The most remarkable thing about the case is that she was carried only 200 yards past her destination.

A soft voice in a woman always goes with a gentle spirit. A gentleman, sitting in a friend's parlor, engaged in conversation with him, was startled by a noise downstairs, and paused to ask, "What's that—a crash of crockery?" "No; that's only my wife calling to me."

If a girl wants to be romantic, the proper way is to send up a toy balloon with a card attached, asking the finder to correspond with her. A Michigan girl tried it, and got a letter from her brother in Indiana telling her not to be such a fool. He had evidently found the balloon.

"No marm," said the dealer, "I would like to give you a smaller pair, but to sell you anything below eights would render me liable under the statute for the prevention of cruelty to animals." He didn't sell her anything under eights or over it. Some women are so very touchy about the size of their feet.

The baby was doubled up with the cramps and yelling at the rate of a mile a minute as the father and mother stood over the crib with the laudanum bottle between them. "No, Marian," he said gently but firmly, "you pour it out; that child is growing so much like your mother that I can't trust myself."

A Washington lady went to a 12 o'clock breakfast, then to a two o'clock lunch, next to a tea from four to six, then to a dinner at 7.30, and afterward to a reception, and finally to a german. When she got home she found her husband rocking the cradle with one hand, and trying to darn his stockings with the other.

Plain woman.—How shall you be able to increase the attractiveness of your face and person, without the use of cosmetics and other artificial means? Easy enough. Get invited on to Washington, and appear at one of the receptions there. The papers of the entire country will next day gloat over your ravishing beauty.

While attending a spiritual seance a few days ago a lady received a communication from the alleged spirit of her husband, directing her to dig up a certain portion of her cellar, where she would find a lot of gold. She followed the instructions, but instead of finding money, opened the mouth of an old well, into which she fell, and was nearly suffocated before being rescued.

News Notes.

It is now proposed to make railroad rails out of paper.

An Indian's widow is expected to keep in mourning for 20 moons.

The cable system of street car traction is about to be introduced into England.

The value of the wood used as fuel for domestic purposes during 1882 was $305,950,000.

A Florida orange-grower has ordered 200 barrels of snuff from Connecticut, for use as a fertilizer.

Four Kentucky young ladies have died from fever produced by over-exertion at a skating-rink.

A London lecturer declares that England has spent during they last ten years $7,250,000,000 for liquor.

A veritable Russian nobleman is said to be the driver of a small-pox ambulance in the city of Chicago.

Canadian papers report the arrival of a new bird in considerable numbers which preys upon the English spa-rows.

Dr. Eliot, of New Haven, says that when a diagnosis is uncertain, few doctors hesitate to tell a man that he has malaria.

Willie Vogt, a Newark boy, is mysteriously missing. He had to "speak a piece" in school, and ran off rather than do it.

At Stavenfel-on-the-Rhine there are the ruins of an old church which was brought to decay by a lawsuit about titles which lasted nearly forty years.

The fortune, $10,000,000 or more, accumulated by Ex-Governor Morgan, of New York, descends almost intact to his grandson, Edwin D. Morgan, Jr.

A Georgia boy, according to a paper published there, last year cultivated three-quarters of an acre of land with a goat, raising 231 pounds of lint cotton.

A report comes from Florida that wild ducks are so numerous in the streams of Brevard county that they have to be shoved aside to allow boats to pass.

Madame Nilsson, the singer, has in her private railroad car a grand piano, the score of seventy operas, two or three books of standard merit, and sometimes a chosen friend.

A law has just come into operation in Italy, prohibiting the sale of medicine unless the precise nature of it is stated. This law is especially directed against patent medicines.

Not a single bushel of wheat or corn was sent abroad from New York last year in an American ship, nor did any American steamship bring a single immigrant from Europe to New York.

A somnambulistic girl got out of bed, at Prescott, Minn., and walked across half a mile of ice and snow to a railroad station, clad in her night-clothes only, and was waiting for a train when awakened.

More than a million postal cards a day, or one to every forty of the United States' population the year round, is the number manufactured at Castleton, on the Hudson, where our postal cards are made.

John Cramer, an Iowa man, was driving with his gun at his side. The front wheel of his carriage struck a stump, and the weapon was thrown out and discharged, although Mr. Cramer kept his seat and was killed.

A California man feeds his family on small fruit and coarse meat to his great satisfaction; but when he told an audience of poor men how cheap and wholesome such a diet was, they got angry and drove him out of the hall.

A tame bear walking in the woods near the Harts Mountains, suddenly came upon an Alsatian hunter, who pointed his gun to fire. The bear stood on his hind legs and danced. The alarmed thought it was Satan, and fled.

A gentleman in Lawrence, Mass., has offered a prize to any young lady in that city who will decipher a letter which Horace Greeley sent to him. The letter was written in Mr. Greeley's hieroglyphics, and the owner is unable to read it.

A Maine paper says that a fierce dog belonging to the superintendent of a sawing factory at Millbridge, kept chained, broke loose, and coming across an unprotected child of about two years of age, killed and partly devoured it before he was discovered.

A colored woman, named Martha Johnson, residing in Marshall, Texas, while lying down smoking her pipe, suddenly rose, and saying she was smothering gasped and fell dead. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from suffocation, caused by nicotine in the throat.

A Polish girl, just landed, was recently arraigned in a New York police court for larceny from her employers. She pleaded guilty, but said, in excuse, that she had been told that it was the custom of the country for servants to help themselves to the property of their employers.

A family of Madison, Ohio, 19 years ago purchased a paper of pins. When a pin was needed it was taken from the paper, and after it had served its purpose was replaced. If a pin was lost, general search was made until it was found. In this way the one paper of pins has kept the family supplied for nineteen years.

A United States district judge in Missouri has recently given a decision, that will prove a better protection to the Missouri postmaster than a brace of pistols and a body guard, to the effect that assaulting a postmaster is an indictable offence under the postal law of Congress that any person who wilfully and knowingly obstructs the mail shall be liable to fine.

A DRY, RASPING COUGH irritates and endangers the Lungs, and greatly debilitates and annoys the patient. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant removes constriction of the bronchial tubes, promotes easy expectoration, heals all inflamed parts, and brings about a speedy cure of the most stubborn Cough or Cold.

Birdie's Journal.

BY MINNIE DOUGLAS.

OCTOBER.—I am my mother's unloved daughter. She would deny it if she could; but it is true, nevertheless. I am little, ugly, and brown, totally unlike my sisters, and she is ashamed of me.

And she cannot forgive me for being the innocent cause of father's death; for it was while rescuing me from drowning that he lost his own life; and from that hour Mrs. Leland has looked upon me with positive aversion.

Occasionally her hatred finds its vent in words.

"That child mine!" she will say, looking superbly her scorn. "That little imp, with eyes, hair, and face of the same dull brown; that wild, reckless fright my child?

"She is a sister to my proud Florence and my beautiful Clara?"

Mother has her two lady daughters to educate, and I was neglected. Here I am, aged seventeen, and so ignorant! Music is my only accomplishment, achieved by my own hard work.

"Am I wild, reckless? Do I care for nothing? Have I no heart? Mother, mother! Never mind the education and fine clothes you give the other girls—only love me! I am very unhappy.

Oct. 13.—It is a beautiful night, and there is a dinner-party down stairs. I went and peeped into the room through one of the windows. Mother looked dignified and handsome, as usual.

Beautiful Clara flirted with a little man with a big head, and Florence talked big words.

I felt amused, and was intently watching all I saw, when something caused me to look directly in front of me, when I met the gaze of the loveliest of blue eyes, looking very roguish as they looked at me. I hate that man! I wonder who he is?

Oct. 20.—I have been crying all day.

Mother says Mr. Carson is very much in love with Florence.

I wonder who he is?

I met the school children yesterday morning, and we had a nice race over so far down the road.

Just as I passed one of the big boys I ran against a gentleman. I looked up, to meet an earnest, amused glance from deep, dark-blue eyes—the very same! Strong hands kept me from falling; the kindest of voices asked, "You are not hurt?"

"I am not?"

"I hope you are not."

"Do you?"

"You certainly are vexed. Why so angry?—did I beat you in the race?"

"You? Let me pass."

"One moment: are you crying? Pardon me—I have seen you before."

It was mean to refer to that evening of the dinner-party.

I passed him. Yes; I am sure that I hate that man! I believe I am not even so happy as I used to be.

Oct. 21—Why did I care who loved Florence? What demon prompted me to look into the window to meet his eyes, that gazed on me with contempt?

Dec. 25.—What have I done? I have been out in the beautiful snow all day, nearly. I took a long walk over the fields, and I met—Mr. Carson.

He said, "Pardon me, but we have met so often; will you not tell me who you are?"

"Sir, in a moment of thoughtfulness some one called me Birdie, perhaps in the hope that I would fly away; but I never did. Yes, my name is Birdie, and, strange as you may think it, I am my mother's daughter."

Then I passed him swiftly with a scornful look into the wondering eyes—beautiful eyes!

April 10.—They say Mr. Carson is devoted to Florence. Mother seems delighted, and I am glad she is happy.

May 28.—Mother said some hard words to me to day.

"Reckless, ignorant, little imp—the curse of my life!"

It was too much.

"Mother," I answered, "tell me what to do, for I am ready for I love you mother!"

"Love me?—you? Stay where I will not see you—leave me!"

My heart never ached till to day. Blind with tears, I hastened away, down into the meadow, where, by the pretty lake, I flung myself on the wet grass.

I may have been there for hours, when a kind hand lifted my head, and a low tender voice said, "You are in trouble."

"Mr. Carson!"

"Yes."

"Leave me!"

"Not until you tell what is the matter, Miss Leland."

"You know me?"

"I have known you for a long time. But tell me why you weep and tremble so like this."

"If you must know, then listen: my lady mother hates me!"

I repeated my mother's words, and saw the man's face turn pale and the blue eyes flash.

"Let me be your friend."

"I have no friends—I want none!"

"Child this is wrong."

"Life is all wrong; and I hate you with the rest."

I left him then. I must not meet him again. Why did I say that?

Oh, mother, mother! How your unreasonable hate has embittered my heart and life! Could I help it that poor papa died—that I am not beautiful?

The wind blows gently, swinging the tender leaves; the moon in the bright heavens smiles at two people walking up and down among the daisies; and Florence looks up proudly into her lover's face. The picture is exceedingly pretty; do pictures ever break hearts?

June 13.—It is a beautiful world to-day, but not for me. I have been ill, and have not seen—mother, I mean, and him.

July 9.—Oh, I have been very ill! My mother came to my door twice to-day, and the doctor came to see me. The girls are away from home.

Sept. 30—I have not been well for months, and, oh, my life has been so awful dreary! My face is thin and so white! I wish sometimes mother would take a look at me.

Oct. 2—Two men passed under my window to-day! one was Mr. Carson; the other said, "Guy, is it true that you love Miss Leland?" "Yes, it is true."

"But, Guy, my dear friend, she cares for nothing but fashion and flirtation."

"You are very wrong; my little sweetheart cares for neither."

Ah, me! Poor Guy! Happy Florence!

Oct 6—Yesterday, weak and ill though I was, tired of my room, I managed to slip down stairs and go down to the meadow by the lake. Ah, it was lovely!

When I started for home I fell back weak and helpless, and lay there on the stand. Ere long the raindrops began to fall. Cold, cruel rain!

I thought I was dying; I could not move. Then I heard voices—startled, frightened voices—and knew someone was bending over me.

"Birdie Leland! My God, she is dead—and this is her mother's work! A proud, heartless woman, ashamed of this sweet, innocent, unhappy child! Birdie! And I loved you so! Little one, hear me—speak!"

And then, with his kisses on my lips and his arms around me, I opened my eyes on the brightest hope of a woman's life—the man she loves! Then I whispered, "Love, forgive!" and fainted again.

Dec. 24—This evening I stood beside my husband in a crowded room, and my dear mother, cold and scornful no longer, touched tenderly my bridal dress and then whispered softly, "Birdie, you are very lovely."

And my husband bent his head to kiss her cheek, and said "God bless her mother's daughter!"

FLYING MACHINES.—The London Engineer, in a review of the various flying machines that have been invented, comes to the conclusion that a successful one is a physical impossibility, and that the attempt to devise one must be classed with such delusions as the search for the philosopher's stone or the secret of perpetual motion. No combination of wings will enable a man to fly till he can wield them with as much muscular power to the pound of weight as a bird exerts in flying. If a man had in his legs the muscular energy and leverage of a flea, he could jump a mile in three leaps, and if his arms had in proportion to his weight the driving power of a wild pigeon's wing, he would have no use for railways or balloons. The transportation problem would be solved.

Moving himself so easily and swiftly, he would not need to move anything else. The albatross, weighing twenty-eight pounds, can keep its wings, thirteen feet from tip to tip, in motion all day, while the strongest man, weighing six to eight times as much, would exhaust all his strength in keeping even an albatross' wings in motion half an hour. "We have in the bird," says the Engineer, "a machine burning concentrated fuel in a large grate at a tremendous rate, and developing a very large power in a small space. There is no engine in existence, certainly no steam engine and boiler combined, which, weight for weight, gives out anything like the mechanical power exhibited by the albatross." Consequently, no machinery yet devised can operate wings with sufficient power to sustain its own weight in the air, and there is no known machinery by which a man can wield the force necessary to fly like a bird. Kelly's alleged discovery, or some new process of storing and exerting great electric power in apparatus of light weight, might supply the deficiency, but science has not learned how to develop inanimate machinery anything like the mighty nervous energy which acts in the bones, sinews and muscles of a living bird's wing.

EATING.—The superstition of the sin-eater in Wales is said to linger now in the lonely vale of Cwm-Aman, in Caermarthenshire. The meaning of this singular institution of superstition was that when a person died the friends sent for the sin-eater, who, on his arrival placed a plate of salt and bread on the breast of the diseased person; he then uttered an incantation over the bread, after which he proceeded to eat it, thereby eating the sins of the dead person; this done, he received a fee of two-and-sixpence, which, we suppose, was much more than many a preacher received for a long and painful service. Having received this he vanished as swiftly as possible, all the friends and relatives of the departed aiding his exit with blows and kicks and other indications of their faith in the service he had rendered. A hundred years since, and through the ages beyond that time, we suppose this curious superstition was everywhere prevalent.

If Nearly Dead

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

ONLY CATARRH!

Many thousands fully believe they or their friends are being hurried toward the grave by that terrible disease Consumption, and are being treated for that disease when they have only CATARRH in some of its many forms. We do not claim to cure Consumption, but fully believe from the results of our daily practice that we can save many who feel their case hopeless.

More Than 100,000 Die Every Year.

More than 100,000 die annually from Consumption in these United States, and a careful classification has revealed the startling fact that fully 50,000 of these cases were caused by Catarrh in the head, and had no known connection with hereditary causes. A large share of these cases might have been cured.

Danger Signals

Have you a cold in the head that does not get better? Have you an excessive secretion of mucus or matter in the nasal passages, which must either be blown from the nose, or drop back behind the palate, or hawked or snuffed backward to the throat? Are you troubled by hawking, spitting, weak and inflamed eyes, frequent soreness of the throat, ringing, or roaring, or other noises in the ears, more or less impairment of the hearing, loss of smell, memory impaired, dullness or dizziness of the head, dryness and heat of the nose? Have you lost all sense of smell, have you pain in the chest, lungs, or bowels? Have you a hacking cough? Have you dyspepsia? Have you liver complaint? Is your breath foul? If so, YOU HAVE CATARRH. *Some have all these symptoms, others only a part.* The leading symptoms of ordinary cases of Catarrh is increased secretion of mucus of yellow or greenish-colored matter.

Foul breath is caused by the decomposing secretions exuded from festering ulcers far back in the head; sometimes the membrane covering the bones is eaten away, and the bones themselves gradually decay. Such cases are indeed objects of pity, as the stench from the corroding sores reveals the corruption within.

As every breath draws into the lungs must pass over and become polluted by the secretion in the nasal passages, it must necessarily follow that poisoning of the whole system gradually takes place, while the morbid matter that is swallowed during sleep passes into the stomach, causes indigestion, and often produces dyspepsia.

CATARRH IS A DANGEROUS DISEASE,

and should not be trifled with: care should be taken to look for the first indications, and cure them promptly. If your case is a bad one, affecting the throat and Bronchial tubes, producing tickling, coughing, and an almost constant effort to clear the passages, with tough, vile phlegm in the glottis on getting up in the morning, which is hard to eject, and other plain symptoms that the disease is stealing into the lungs, it should be attended to promptly and thoroughly.

DO NOT PROCRASTINATE.

Thousands of sufferers have applied to me for relief. Many thousands more are waiting, fearful it would be an experiment that would only end in failure. Do not trifle away your opportunity. You may be sure that Catarrh takes no backward step. Your case may be daily growing beyond the reach of human aid. The statements of others who have found Childs' Catarrh Specific the only certain cure cure should have weight, and convince you of the hopefulness of your own case.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

Catarrh was considered an incurable disease. I had then suffered for fifteen years in a manner only known to those who have had this disease in some of its worst forms. My professional duties made exposure a necessity, and I was first attacked by a slight cold; terrible headaches, which could not be cured, followed, with deafness and ringing in the ears, soreness of the throat, disgusting nasal discharges, weak, inflamed eyes, hawking, raising of vile matter, black and sometimes bloody mucus, coughing, with great soreness of the lungs. The liver and stomach were polluted with the mass of diseased matter running from the head, until dyspepsia, indigestion and liver complaint made me a wreck and incapacitated me for my professional duties, and confined me to my bed. Compelled to resign my pastorate, and feeling that my end was near, in desperation I gave up the physicians and compounded my CATARRH SPECIFIC, and I wrought upon myself a *wonderful* cure. Now, at the age of sixty-nine, I am wholly restored, can speak for hours with no difficulty, and never have had, in the whole fifteen years, the slightest return of the disease.

EVERY PHYSICIAN who has examined my Specific, says it is *certain, and thorough, and perfect.*

—T. P. CHILDS.

100,000 Catarrhal cases have applied to me for relief. Many thousands have received my Specific, and are cured. We deem it only fair that every one who wishes should have the opportunity to ascertain whether we are able to accomplish all that we claim; and for this purpose we add a few of the many hundreds of unsolicited certificates which have been sent to us by grateful patients—as well as the addresses of some who have been successfully treated, almost any of whom will doubtless respond to any inquiry by letter, if accompanied by a stamp to pay postage. Having been cured themselves, they doubtless will be willing to let the afflicted know where they can find certain relief. We have thousands of these certificates from all classes—physicians, clergymen, lawyers, judges, merchants, bankers and business men.

I write to tell you that I am perfectly cured of Catarrh. O. P. WISE, Magnolia, Ark.

The Catarrhal Cough has entirely left me. I am well again. J. A. BULL, Cleveland, O.

I would not take a farm for your Specific if it could not be replaced. J. P. ROBERTS, Chicago, Ill.

I would not take a thousand dollars for your inhalers. I am completely cured. O. J. McKNIGHT, Cleveland, O.

Your Treatment has cured my daughter of Catarrh, induced by a severe attack of measles. JOHN W. RILEY, U. S. Express Agent, Troy, O.

My health is fully restored. The horrid and loathsome disease is all gone. My lungs feel all right. MRS. W. D. LINCOLN, York, Neb.

I have been permanently cured of catarrh in the head by the use of your Catarrh Specific. I will answer all letters addressed to me, in regard to this subject. Yours with thanks, E. POWELL, Heath, Burke Co., N. C.

Your Treatment did me great good. I have not lost a day by sickness this year. ABNER GRAHAM, Biddle University, Charlotte, N. C.

I am glad to say that I found your medicine all that can be claimed for it. I am fully restored. J. H. SIGFRIED, Pottsville, Pa.

I do not regret the money it cost in using your medicine. I can heartily recommend your Treatment. E. J. LIPPINCOTT, Clarksboro, Gloucester Co., N. J.

I have used your Catarrh Treatment, and am cured. A thousand thanks to you for so sure a remedy. FANNIE DEDMENT, Dyer Station, Tenn.

I am much pleased to say that I have used the Treatment faithfully, with the happiest and best results. JOHN A. PRATT, Gotts Falls, N. H.

Between nine and ten years ago, being afflicted with Catarrh, I obtained your course of Treatment, and after persisting in its use for some months, was completely cured, and have had no return of the disease. Yours very truly, A. J. STILL, Patterburg, N. J.

CHILDS' CATARRH SPECIFIC

Will effectually and permanently cure any case of Catarrh, no matter how desperate. The treatment is local as well as constitutional, and can only be obtained at Troy, Ohio. We especially desire to treat those who have tried other remedies without success.

Child's Treatment for Catarrh, and for Diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, can be taken at home, with perfect ease and safety, by the patient. No expense need be entailed beyond the cost of the medicine. A full statement of method of home treatment and cost, will be sent on application. Address,

REV. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

Say you saw this in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Brownwood, Tex., Feb. 2, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

B. B.

Yoncolla, Ore., Feb. 3, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

J. A.

Dubois, Iowa, Feb. 8, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

S. R. S.

Milan, Kans., Feb. 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

J. P. S.

Brownsville, Minn., Feb 8, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

A. E. C.

Philadelphia, Mo., Feb. 7, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

M. E. S.

Hoxie, Tex., Feb. 5, 83,

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

J. M.

Roanoke, Va., Feb. 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

B. D.

Dallas, O., Feb. 6, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

E. B.

Plattsburg, Mo., Feb. 2, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

J. J. B.

Stockbridge, Wis., Feb. 4, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. J. M.

Timberville, Va., Feb. 3, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

S. K. V.

St. Charles, Minn., Feb. 5, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. W. B.

Springfield, O., Feb. 8, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

C. H. W.

Fort Valley, Ga., Feb. 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. F. C.

Bee Creek, Ill., Feb. 8, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

B. M.

Sweetwater, Ill, Feb. 7, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

J. W. P.

McPaul, Iowa, Dec. 3, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. M. C.

Facetiæ.

Scum invariably rises. Remember, young man, there is always room at the top.

The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes, and who has not seen more than one window-blind?

A self-conceited man gets taken down several pegs when captured by brigands who set his ransom at the insignificant sum of $5.25.

A family who have recently moved into a suite of rooms received an elegantly-worked motto last week which read as follows: "Heaven bless our flat!"

It would do the inmates of a poorhouse good to attend a charity ball and see the diamonds and good clothes that are worn by others for their benefit.

With ten cents a man can have his shirt washed or can get a drink of whisky, which accounts for the number of dirty shirts worn in this broad land of freedom.

"The truth always pays in the end," is a time-honored adage. It is supposed that that is the reason people are often so chary about resorting to it in the beginning.

Every time a President or Governor is inaugurated he has to make an address. This is done in order to give people a chance to find fault with him the first thing.

It is not a little curious that when a young man is bent on seeing the world, he labors under the hallucination that he can see it better after dark than during the daytime.

At the bankers' convention in New York a man was noticed distributing advertisements of a fast steamship line to Europe. Nothing like a little judgment in business affairs.

The New Voyage of Life.

Few people but will realize the startling truth shown in the engraving accompanying the advertisement of Rev. T. P. Childs in this issue of THE POST. Truly our present civilization battles with disease from the cradle to the grave. Unseen dangers surround us on every side, a slight cold or cough neglected may bring us untold miseries; Catarrh, Bronchitis, Consumption, with Death in the near future.

To many it will be a matter of surprise that Catarrh is very frequently mistaken for Consumption, the symptoms in each being much alike, especially in the earlier stages. No one who recognizes in his own system, or who has friends or relatives with any of the symptoms so accurately described, should fail to send a statement of the case to Mr. Childs. There may be hope even in very desperate cases.

The discovery of his cure for Catarrh has attracted great attention. Leading men everywhere, publicly state that Childs' Treatment has cured them or their families of Catarrh or Throat difficulties—among them clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, bankers and business men. All who have personally investigated the facts, are satisfied that Mr. Childs has discovered a certain, positive and permanent cure for Catarrh, that when properly used never fails even in the most desperate cases.

Catarrh is generally many years in gaining a foothold in the system, and attacks so many parts of the body that it can not be cured by any one remedy or by a single application. It requires remedies that will meet the disease wherever it is located, and fight it inch by inch until a complete victory has been obtained. Rev T. P. Childs has treated and cured thousands at their own homes, never having seen them. In a thoroughly honorable and characteristic manner he publishes the names and addresses of some he has cured, that any who desire may inquire of the patients themselves what Childs' Catarrh Specific has done for them. He gives his own experience after fifteen years relief from the dread disease. No doubt many of our readers will find their own cases stated with startling clearness.

None need feel any hesitancy in placing their case in Mr. Childs' hands for treatment. We would call especial attention to the advertisement, and request a careful perusal of the facts as set forth.

Many who do not receive our paper would doubtless be very thankful, should our readers call the attention of such to the advertisement of Mr. Childs. Catarrh and Consumption are the twin enemies of the race, and any means of relief is a heaven-sent blessing. Childs' Catarrh Specific may be relied on as an effective and certain cure, and you may recommend it to your friends with every confidence.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A MEETING of the stockholders of *Our Continent* Publishing Company will be held at the office of said Company, in the city of Philadelphia on the twenty-sixth day of March, 1883, to elect officers and vote upon an increase and preference of stock.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Jan. 22, 1883. H. W. H. HOWARD, Sec'y.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

SWAYNE'S PILLS Important to the Sick! Symptoms indicate disease, a continuance, days of suffering,—perchance Death! Symptoms are, impure blood, costiveness, irregular appetite, headache, sour belching, soreness in back, breast and side, heart palsy, giddiness, bad color to stools and urine, hot and cold sensations, yellow skin. "SWAYNE'S PILLS" cure by gently removing all corrupt matter, regulating and nourishing the system. 25 cents, (in stamps), box of 30 pills; 5 boxes $1.00, at Druggists or by mail. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton Street, New York

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back, or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

"My friend, E. C. Legard, of this city, used to be drawn double from painful Kidney Disease. Kidney-Wort cured him."—James McKinney, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., Aug. 22-82.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE for all diseases of the Kidneys and —LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

☞ SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

"I have gained 20 pounds in two months," writes Mr. J. C. Power, of Trenton, Ill., (Dec. 2-82), "and am a well man. I'd suffered with liver disorders since 1863. Kidney-Wort cured me."

Strong words from a New York clergyman: "I unhesitatingly recommend Kidney-Wort. It greatly benefitted me," says Rev. C. E. Kemble, of Mohawk, N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

"For 12 years," writes James T. Abell, of Georgia, Vt., "I found no relief from piles until I tried Kidney-Wort. It has cured me."

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

THE GREAT CURE FOR —RHEUMATISM— As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. ☞ Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

"I had habitual costiveness, pain in the back and rheumatism," writes S. J. Scott, Burlington, Vt. Kidney-Wort has cured them all."

Landreth's Earliest Cabbage

Ten days earlier than any other cabbage, and producing well-formed conical heads remarkably large size for so early a ripener. Whoever plants it will be amazed at its early maturity; and if he be a market-gardener, will be able to place it in the market ahead of all competitors.

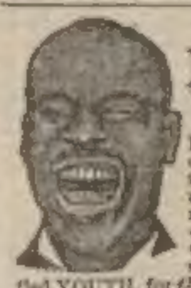
We have reports of this variety reaching ten pounds in weight, remarkable considering its extreme earliness.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER AND ALMANAC, containing full catalogue of Landreth's Celebrated Garden, Field, and Flower seeds, with directions for culture in English and German. Also, catalogue of implements and tools, free of charge.

Price lists, wholesale and retail, furnished upon application. Landreth's seeds are in sealed packages, with name and full directions for culture.

D. LANDRETH & SONS,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, between Market and Chestnut Streets, and Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



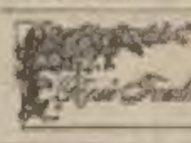
THE MARVELLOUS **Double Throat** OR ANIMAL IMITATOR.

It imitates every sound in the animal kingdom from the trill of the Nightingale to the howl of a wolf. After little practice your mouth will seem to be a complete menagerie. You can raise a laugh or a piercing cry of horror at pleasure. *READ Our Offer:* We will send the large illustrated *Family Story Paper* entitled YOUTH, *for three months* to all who will send us *15 Cents* in postage stamps, and to each person we will send *Free* the *Marvellous Double Throat.* We make this offer simply to introduce our paper into new homes. YOUTH is overflowing with charming stories, sketches, poems, puzzles &c. For *$1.00*, we will send eight subscriptions and eight Double Throats. Get seven friends to join you and thus secure your own free. *Address, Youth Pub'g Co., 96 Doane St., Boston, Mass.*

WORTH SENDING FOR

Dr. J. H. Schenck has just published a book on the **DISEASES OF THE LUNGS** and HOW THEY CAN BE CURED, which he offers to send free, post paid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia.

WANTED—LADIES AND YOUNG MEN WISHing to earn $1 to $3 every day quietly at their homes; work furnished; sent by mail; no canvassing; no stamps required for reply. Please address EDWARD F. DAVIS & CO., 56 South Main st., Fall River, Mass.



Bevel Edge Cards, designs for 1884. Send 10c. for 50 Chromo Cards with name; our Latest yet. Agents say: "Your cards sell best." Large Sample Book and full outfit 25c. Quickest returns. Give us a trial order. Clinton & Co., North Haven, Ct.

RUPTURE: Cured by J. R. MAYER, 631 Arch St., Phila. Entirely cured me from severe rupture. Geo. Lechel, 2233 Philip St. Sworn before me Jan. 26, '83. W. P. Becker, Magis. Ct. 14, Phila.

25 Easter Cards Beautiful in design, fine colors, and elegant finish sent free by mail on receipt of 15cts. William M. Donaldson & Co., 119 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

50 Chromo Cards, best in the market, with name 10c. "Beautiful Decalcomanie Album" with 150 Pictures, 25 cents; 5 for $1.00. CARD CO., Cheshire, Conn.

64 Elegant Songs, Words and Music, Illustrated, sent postpaid for 25c., (stamps taken) by N. E. Music Co., 218 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

SILK PATCHWORK made easy. Handsome 100 Engravings in Send 4 3c. stamps for Samples. Gem Silk Co., New Haven, Ct.

40 HORSESHOE, HAND and BOQUET, CHROMO CARDS, Name on, 10 cents. C. W. BROOKS, Jamaica, Vermont.

40 CARDS all lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto and Chromo, Love-letter and Case, name in gold and jet, 10 cents. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

50 New Chromo Cards for '83, name on, 10c. or 40 all Gold and silver, 10c. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

R. DOLLARD, 513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artist IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS!

CHEAPEST! LATEST!! BEST!!!

The New American Diamond Dictionary, Illustrated, is the chief source of book-making. An elegant tome of over seven hundred pages. Durable and permanent over thirty thousand words. It is "up to the times" and based upon the best American and English authorities. "Four-score hundred columns" of definitions, with synonyms for engravings. A perfect Vade Mecum—a book to ALL. Besides a complete Dictionary, it also contains all the usual tables, Dictionaries of Abbreviations, Phrases, &c., American Geographical Names with Pronunciation and Explanation, Popular Names of States and Cities, Abbreviations used in writing and printing, Tables of the various Languages, Languages and Alphabets of the World, Facts in regard to Man, Tables showing power of Men, Horses, &c., Statistics of Light, Sound, &c., Population of the World, Religions of all countries, Interest Tables 4 to 8 per cent., the Metric System, Language and Lexicography, Comparison of the Human Race, The Ocean, and much other valuable and instructive matter. REMEMBER this is not a cruelly reported book, but it is a new, fresh, and perfect Dictionary, printed from new type on fine paper, with new engravings, containing over 700 pages separately bound in fine cloth, embossed sides, with full gilt back and title. (It is exactly like above cut.) Every student, teacher, every man, woman, and child needs this invaluable standard work.

BEAR IN MIND, The above DICTIONARY—the best, cheapest, most valuable and desirable book ever printed—is sent prepaid as a **Free Gift** with our large, eight-page Illustrated Ledger-size Family Paper for a whole year, and all for only 65 cents in postage-stamps, cash, or money-order. **Now is the time!**

ABSOLUTELY THE MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE. Cut This Out

The Famous Old, Original, and Reliable Favorite Family Paper,

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER,

Established 1853, began its 31st year January 1883.

It is a large eight-page, forty-column Illustrated Paper, size of *Ledger*. Every number contains charming Stories, Tales, Sketches, Poems, Wit, Humor and Fun; Illustrated Rebus, Humorous Engravings, Sketches, Poems, etc.; 500 jolly good laughs; also the "Rogue's Corner," known the world over for its exposure of Frauds, Swindlers, and Humbugs. We desire to double our circulation, and to do so we have secured a special edition of the entirely new 700-page American Dictionary, complete and unabridged. It contains as much matter as any $1 Dictionary, and it is exactly as represented.

THINK AND ACT. Though worth double the price, yet we offer our large, reliable, and popular national paper for only 50 cents a year; and to at once secure 30,000 new subscribers, we now offer this new and elegant 700-page Dictionary in substantial cloth-gilt binding as a free gift to all who send 50 cents for the Banner one year and enclose 15 cents to part pay actual cost of postage, etc., upon the Dictionary.

UNDERSTAND That we mean what we say: have 30,000 Dictionaries contracted for; that our paper is worth $2 a year, and Dictionary could not be sold at any one sold at $1; that you can have both by return mail; and that we guarantee satisfaction in every case.

CUT OUT This offer, and enclose 21 green stamps. If not delighted, you can have your money back. Club of five, $2.75; ten, $5.

THINK of a 700-page, 1,400 column, cloth-gilt Dictionary, and a standard family paper all free for a paltry 65 cents. Send now. Address, Banner Publishing Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

Correspondence.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

ALVA, (Bucks, Pa.)—The expression, "Tria juncta in uno" ("Three united in one,") is the motto of the Knights of the Bath. The reference is to the three virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

CURIOUS, (Monroe, Pa.)—The familiar quotation, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," is the translation of a Latin phrase of a proverbial kind, and is not connected with any author's name.

OLD H., (Boston, Mass.)—Snuff-taking in this country is about 150 years old, and, in connection with the habit, we may inform you that the custom of invoking a blessing when a person sneezes is as old as the time of Homer.

ALICE J., (Halifax, N. C.)—Absence will soon teach you to forget him. Boy and girl love is seldom of so lasting a character but that it will fade by time. It is only in maturer years that the master passion attains its full power.

BRIGHT, (Hardeman, Tenn.)—Dry wines are those in which the saccharine matter and the ferment are so exactly balanced that they have mutually decomposed each other, and no sweetness is perceptible. Those of medium sweetness may be termed half-dry.

SCHOOL, (Chatham, Ga.)—There is no book which can tell you how to win the love of anybody. Do not waste your money on a book of that kind. There are many ways in which swindlers in large cities get at the names of people in remote villages whom they intend to victimize.

SIMON, (Genessee, N. Y.)—There is not much luck in finding a horse-shoe, unless a man finds a good one just at a time when he needs it. There is sometimes "bad luck" in losing a horse-shoe, even if it is a poor one. You say that some of your friends laugh at you. We can hardly blame them.

DOLLY, (Carroll, Ill.)—A man who takes off his hat to a young lady whom he does not know, without any reason except to attract her attention, is insulting her by doing so, and a young woman who accepts and returns such attentions endangers her right to be considered a lady in the proper sense of world.

JOE, (Providence, R. I.)—Leave the affair alone. In this peculiar position in which you stand you will only offend both parties by any undue interference. Partisanship is always objectionable where you are a true friend to both parties. Nothing should induce you to depart from strict neutrality.

TENOR, (Perry, Mo.)—We infer from the tone of your question that you have a perfectly wonderful voice, and a fine taste and enthusiasm for music. Such a talent usually makes an impression on the immediate circle of friends through whom ways open up of developing the gift. A stranger cannot, of course, give direction. Our counsel is always safe to the children of genius; hasten slowly.

MIDAS, (Howard, Ind.)—Suppose you succeeded in cultivating society; is the game worth the candle? You sacrifice honest friendship to a worthless purpose; give entertainments that nearly ruin you, to people you care nothing for, with whom who have no sympathy, and who have no earthly sympathy with you; while congenial persons, who really have some liking for you, are quite neglected, because there is nothing to be gained by knowing plain Mrs. Brown or Mr. Smith.

F. R. G., (Saline, Neb.)—You cannot do better than to take up a course of history, beginning with that of our own country. For the formation of your style, and to get ideas suitable for introduction into general conversation, there is nothing better than the English essayists of the last century. You can find odd volumes of the "Spectator," the "Rambler," and the "Tatler," at low prices, in most second-hand book stores. You should endeavor to obtain a little knowledge of Latin, which, although not indispensable, is of great service in the study of the English language.

F. W. P., (Sauk, Mis.)—So far as our information on the subject goes, it is directly contradictory to the statement you mention. We have read of many instances in which the Duke of Wellington spoke in the highest terms of the military genius of Napoleon, and we have never met with an instance in which he disparaged it. Napoleon also spoke highly of the Duke's skill as a warrior. Men who are really great are not apt to disparage each other's ability. You should remember that Wellington and Napoleon never met except at Waterloo, and that their many victories were gained, not over each other, but over commanders inferior to either of them.

H. E., (Republic, Kan.)—To crystallize flowers, construct some baskets of fancy form with pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to a gallon of water, after the solution has cooled; the color will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that cover completely the articles, remove the basket carefully, and allow it to drip for twelve hours.

JESSIE, (Camden, N. J.)—Every person who wishes to get fat should weigh himself from time to time, and thus ascertain whether the food he is eating is adding to his flesh or not. Boating found that for him sugar was the most productive of fat. If he ate five ounces of it he increased one pound. Another experimenter, speaking from his own knowledge, declares in favor of such as that which fleshed him most rapidly. Another authority says that milk, especially when taken fresh from the cow, is superior to anything else. If one can drink three or four pints of it, an increase of weight is as certain and perhaps more certain than by swallowing cod-liver oil. Starch, in the form of arrowroot, sago, tapioca, or farina, is equally lauded by others. To be avoided are pickles, vinegar, highly-spiced food, sour wines or fruits, acid vegetables, etc. One thing should be borne in mind. It is not the quantity, but the kind of food that is demanded. If an article be difficult of digestion, it will prove of positive injury, no matter how much you partake of it. In other words, whenever the stomach has to labor with the food put into it, it detracts just so much from the nutrition which would otherwise attend it.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Read Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

1883—SPRING—1883.

Now is the time to prepare your orders for **NEW** and **RARE** Fruit and Ornamental **Shrubs, Evergreens, ROSES, VINES, ETC.** Besides many Desirable Novelties; we offer the largest and most complete general Stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees in the United States. Abridged Catalogue mailed free. Address **ELLWANGER & BARRY, Mt. Hope Nurseries. Rochester, N. Y.**

TREES

A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.

SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 39 Dey St., N. Y.

60 Gold Edge Chromo and fine Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, name on 12c. E. HALL & CO., Meriden, Ct.

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

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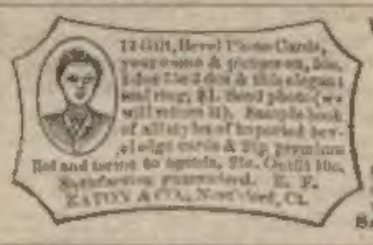

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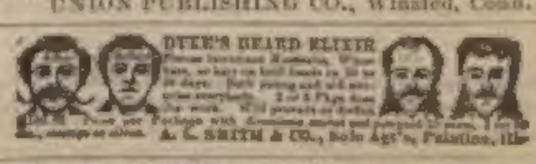

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